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TOPICS OF THE DAY



ITALY'S WAR ON TURKEY

TAKING ALL the prophets by surprise, the war of 1911 has broken out, not in any of the sections of the globe over which the gathering of the war clouds is perennially dreaded and expected, but under the apparently untroubled blue which overarched the relations between Italy and Turkey. "In the face of such circumstances," remarks the *New York Tribune*, "we might almost ask what state of peace is really secure, and what long-drawn-out threatenings of war are not empty." Moreover, according to what seems to be the majority opinion of both the European and the American press, the war is as unprovoked as it is unexpected. "Italy's raid upon Tripoli is peculiarly shameless even in the sordid annals of international land-grabbing," remarks the *New York Evening Post*. "Modern history may be searched in vain for such an amazing declaration of war so unprovoked and so wanton," declares the *New York World*, which is convinced that, whatever Italy's published excuses, "she has only two reasons—she wants Tripoli, and she thinks she can get it." "An act of brigandage," declares the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, and this view, according to a London dispatch, is shared by the bulk of the European press. The same dispatch quotes the *Frankfurter Zeitung* as saying that all civilized Europe, disregarding political differences, should protest against Italy's act of "open pillage and naked violence." Moreover, declares the *Pittsburg Leader*, "the world wants peace, and Italy's aggression against Turkey is a menace to the desires of all civilized humanity."

Italy's avowed grievance against Turkey is that disorder prevailing in Tripoli has resulted in serious and repeated injuries to the persons and property of Italian subjects in that state, and that diplomatic demands brought no remedy. It was, therefore, "to protect its interests and its dignity," declares the Italian ultimatum, that Italy "has decided to proceed to the military occupation of Tripoli and Cyrene." According to the Italian point of view, Italy's patience, long tried to the breaking point, has at last collapsed under the strain put upon it. "Patience in nations, as in individuals, has its limit," declares the *Italian Herald* (New York), which insists that "Turkey has no call to play the part of an innocent, opprest victim," since "not only on account of its disloyal and fraudulent easiness of breaking its international obligations, but also because through the graft and robbery which have been for centuries the backbone of its political and military rule, its inferiority as a nation puts it in a position of sure ruin and defeat." And in the *Italian Journal* (New York) we read:

"We have just cause for complaint against the Turks. We have received repeated indignities at the hands of the Ottoman Government. We have demanded satisfaction time and again, but the Turks merely continue the plundering of Italian homes in Tripoli. They have set fire to Italian ships in Tripoli harbors, they have stolen Italian women from the cities of Tripoli for their harems, and have interfered with business to such an extent that it is high time something were being done to put a halt to their high-handed methods."

In this connection it is interesting to read in a London dispatch the statement that the Italian population of Tripoli amounts to "only about two hundred, chiefly Sicilians and many absconding criminals." The same correspondent quotes Richard Norton, director of the American archeological expedition to Cyrene, as declaring that "Italians had no more to complain of in Tripoli than all Western peoples encounter in any oriental country." "In short, everybody understands that the grievances stated by Italy are merely a pretext," remarks the *New York Times*, which goes on to say:

"She wants Tripoli, and she proposes to take it. The Franco-German dispute over Morocco furnishing a suitable occasion, she proceeds to set about the work of taking it.

"But anybody can see that the procedures of Italy in Tripoli follow a host of historic precedents, and that they are merely the working out of destiny. The dying nations must yield as the living nations press forward, just as savage tribes in all history have been forced back or annihilated by the advance of civilization. It is a rude process, but it is the way things are done on this earth."

"The sympathy of America will be on the side of Italy," unhesitatingly declares Mr. Hearst's *New York Evening Journal*, because Italy stands for "intelligence and civilization," and Turkey for "barbarism." And the *New York Tribune* agrees that popular sympathy here will probably take this direction, altho it offers a different explanation. To quote:

"The popular attitude is practically inevitable. There are few Turks in this country, and they remain aliens, while there are innumerable Italians, and they become naturalized and politically and socially absorbed into American citizenship. Those two factors are sufficient to determine the course of American sympathies. And against sympathies so determined all the legal arguments in the world would be vain. Even allowing that Italy has acted hastily and without sufficient provocation, Italians are of our own race and creed, while Turks are Asiatics and 'infidels.' Those are the considerations which will most sway the popular mind. Whatever academic philosophers may say, and whatever may be the record of future historians,

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OPENING OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.
—McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune.



THE MOUNTAIN IS COMING TO MOHAMMED.
—Thomas in the Detroit News.

FIRST PICTURES FROM THE FRONT.

the average American is practically certain to wish success to Italy."

All commentators seem to agree that as long as the fighting is confined to the forces of Italy and Turkey a great conflict is practically impossible. "Turkey, having found no friend among the Powers, must either yield now or be beaten to her knees," remarks the *New York Press*, and the reasons for this view are set down as follows in the *New York World*:

"The Turkish Army is equal to the Italian in numbers, and in prestige superior. But it can not get into action. It can not march by land to defend Tripoli. It can not cross the sea, because Italy's Navy ranks eighth in battle-strength and sixth in smaller craft useful in blockading; while Turkey has practically no Navy. Eager and able to fight, she must turn instead to seek political means of defense.

"Here also she has scant hope. Italy has not in years taken a forward step without knowing what influences she could depend upon. France has just gained a free hand in Morocco, and Germany a new harbor at Corisco, West Africa, and an unknown area added to the Kameruns; Austria-Hungary has her spoils in Bosnia and Herzegovina—the she may want more, say her railroad through the sanjak of Novi-Bazar to Salonica. Great Britain is more stirred by a new German harbor in West Africa than by an Italian occupation where Italian claims have been filed for more than twenty years. All the great Powers are squared with the loot of weak nations. Who will help the Sick Man?"

Both Italy and Turkey are signatories of the Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, passed by the Hague Conference. In view of this fact, declares Oscar S. Straus, former United States Ambassador to Turkey, and member of the permanent Court of Arbitration, Italy's declaration of war against Turkey casts an "unmistakable imputation of hypocrisy" on the world's whole peace movement of the last decade. But Mr. Straus goes further, and points out that the incident affords an inviting opportunity for this country to offer its services as mediator, and he appeals to our Government to do so. In a telegram to Secretary of State Knox he says in part:

"I am sure I am voicing the peace-loving sentiments not only of Americans but of all nations in calling upon our Government to promptly offer its offices of mediation, which is our right, and which the convention expressly provides shall not be regarded as an unfriendly act.

"Whatever rights, political or otherwise, Italy may justly lay claim to in Tripoli, either for her own subjects or in the interest of civilization, certainly can be secured without bloodshed and with justice by submitting them to the Hague Tribunal."

TO MAKE OUR FARMS FEED 200,000,000

THE MAN who commended the idea of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before would have been interested in the recent prediction of President Taft before the National Conservation Congress at Kansas City, that in fifty years our farms will be feeding 200,000,000 people where they are at present providing for less than 100,000,000. To do this they will have to produce double their present output of everything. Can they do it? "On the whole," asserted President Taft, "I think our agricultural future is hopeful, and I do not share the pessimistic views of many gentlemen whose statistics differ from mine and who look forward to a strong probability of failure of self-support in food within the lives of persons now living." Indeed, he declared, even with the prospect of a doubled population in 1930, "America will continue to feed her millions, and feed them well, out of her own soil." This is quite possible, intimates the *Boston Transcript*, because by intensive farming and a study of the market, the farmer has already learned to increase enormously his contribution to the world's supply of food; and truly, thinks the *Richmond (Va.) Journal*, "if the Conservation Congress can put off the day when America will cease to support its own population," its labor will have been well worth while.

Perhaps more attention is attracted by the speech of Henry Wallace, president of the Conservation Congress. In words far less optimistic than Mr. Taft's, this advocate of conservation alluded to the ruralist of recent years as "no farmer at all, but a miner, a soil robber," and he is quoted as having declared that the country "is facing a national crisis, which will soon precipitate famine and suffering throughout the land, unless 'impoverishment of the soil' ceases." The "back-to-the-town" movement began with the application of science to production, according to Mr. Wallace, as quoted in the press. Then, he added:

"The farm itself finally began to use improved machinery. The farmer hung his scythe in a tree and bought a mower; hung up his cradle and bought a binder. He used more horses, better tools, and grew more crops with less than half the labor. All this was natural, logical, inevitable. The older farming sections do not have so dense a population as of old simply because they do not need it as they did when farming under the old conditions. They could not use it with profit when they had to compete with town wages and town hours.

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"What has followed? Inevitably soil impoverishment. The nineteenth-century farmer was, speaking generally, no farmer at all, but a miner, a soil robber. There was a good farmer here and there, a good settlement here and there, but speaking generally, there was no farming, nothing but mining. The nineteenth-century farmer sold the stored fertility of ages at the bare cost of mining it. With his gang-plow and his four- to eight-section harrow, he could do more soil robbing in five years than his grandfather could do in his whole lifetime.

"It is hard to get farmers of this class to understand the philosophy of crop rotation, of the natural movement of water in the soil, or of the ideal seed-bed or the fitness of certain soils for certain crops—in short, of the requirements of plant and animal life, or to persuade them to active cooperation with each other, or to get them in actual touch and sympathy with the new agriculture. This is an educational process, and therefore slow, even when there is a disposition to acquire the knowledge.

"We are now nearing a point where we will need practically all our grains to provide for the wants of our own population. Our exports have shrunk. Were it not for the over \$500,000,000 worth of cotton that we send abroad each year, the country would be drained of its precious metals to settle our foreign obligations and we would be on the verge of national bankruptcy."

Mr. Wallace further declared that the lowest permanent level in food prices has been reached, and that variations downward from this level will be only temporary.

Agreeing with Mr. Wallace that in the nineteenth century the farms were all but ruined by incompetents, the New York *Times* deplores the slow spread of modern methods. The scientific farmer is not unknown, declares *The Times*, but the "jay," the "butt of the jesters of a whole century, still survives as the most easily recognized type of the American agriculturist." And it continues:

"He clings to his almanac, his patent cure-alls, his cowhide boots, his shiftless ways, his ignorance. The means of education and material improvement are always close at hand, but he has not learned and he seems to lack the faculty of learning. The farmer's life, properly directed, is not harder than that of any other man. His profits, when he knows how to employ his capital and his industry, are large. Modern applied science has provided for him all the means required to make an acre of land produce three or four times its average yield in the past at less than half the labor. The country needs good farmers, many thousands of them, and good lands are waiting for the intelligent tiller in every State. The old, ignorant, ill-equipped farmer must disappear if the country is to fulfil its destiny. The real farmers of this hour, the men who are making farming pay, are the equals of the city man in breadth of culture and knowledge of the world. They are not 'rubes.' But there are too few of them."

"We have been spendthrifts of our national wealth," admits the Philadelphia *Record*, and the Baltimore *News* argues that this wealth "is a form of capital only the interest of which we have the right to use." The day is coming, thinks the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*, when America must import a large part of her food-stuffs, unless she can successfully increase her crop yield; and the Philadelphia *Press* ventures the suggestion that the solution is "to save as much as possible for the future without unduly restricting and hobbling the present generation." The New York *Sun* asserts that "neither tariff protection in an extreme form nor a tariff for revenue only would ruin the country; no trust system yet developed would lead to national disaster; and the country would survive in spite of any exactions that might be imposed by the railroads." But, it declares, "we must have food," and

"If public attention were as persistently called

to the importance of larger crops at lower prices as it is to the alleged iniquity of the tariff, the trusts, and the railways there would be a more hopeful outlook than there now is for an early relief from burdensome prices. The President does well to call attention to the matter, and he would merit the grateful appreciation of the country if he would give the question a prominent place in his administrative policies."

THE "ATTACK ON BUSINESS"

BUSINESS MUST square itself to the Antitrust Law," declares President Taft in Detroit, in Peoria, and again in Waterloo, Iowa. "The only way great corporations can avoid prosecution is by strictly complying with the law, and they are fools if they do not see that," remarks Attorney-General Wickersham in an unguarded interview with a newspaper correspondent in Bretton Woods, N. H. And instantly security prices, led by United States Steel, come crashing down in the stock market, and a chorus of protest arises against these "attacks on business." "We are destroying values in a perfectly ruthless and reckless way," exclaims the New York *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the leading organ of railroad finance, "and, as has happened so many times in the past, the Sherman Antitrust Law of twenty-one years ago is the instrument by which destruction is being effected." "There can be no substantial or continuing prosperity as long as the normal operations of business are conducted under the threat of grand-jury proceedings and the shadow of the penitentiary," declares the New York *Sun*, which is regarded as an organ of the Morgan interests; and the same paper urges business men to "speedily organize and make an effective protest against this mischievous form of legalized terrorism." No political issue in the history of this country, it adds, "has ever befuddled the science of the law and turned awry the reasoning faculties of otherwise sensible men to the same extent as the Sherman Antitrust Law." President Taft's assurances at Detroit that the Standard Oil and Tobacco decisions had removed all doubt as to the meaning of the Sherman Law, and that the law thus interpreted will be enforced, bringing back the day of business competition, admits the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), "do not appear to be very menacing to business in the great bulk of its existing organization." But "taken in connection with the continued activity of investigation and prosecution among industrial combinations by the Department of Justice they have caused renewed alarm." And in another issue the same paper says:

"Perhaps the Stock Exchange in its continued demoralization is taking too extreme a view of the Wickersham program of 'trust-busting.' But the situation presented is admittedly bad. It could hardly have been worse had the Supreme Court in the recent trust cases gone to the smashing lengths demanded by the most reckless of the radical leaders."

In a public statement the Attorney-General declares that there is absolutely no ground for the rumors that his Department is inaugurating "an indiscriminate attack on all large, prosperous concerns." On the contrary—

"The care and caution with which the law officers of the Government are proceeding to the examination of each case should be a guaranty to the country that the Department is proposing to enforce the law with care not to unnecessarily injure any interests."

He had been quoted a few days earlier,



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"EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT HAS A
MEANING OF ITS OWN."
—Mayer in the New York Times.

however, as admitting that in addition to those trusts against which his Department had already begun proceedings there are a hundred others existing in violation of the Antitrust Law. And in the same interview—which appeared in the *New York World* (Dem.)—he called the roll of the cases pending, as follows:

"There are the Beef Trust cases in Chicago, where the individual heads are under criminal indictment; the Electrical

States; second, in the enforcement of the laws forbidding combinations to monopolize interstate trade in industrial companies; third, in the amendment of tariff legislation affecting chiefly the manufactures of the country; and fourth, in the furnishing for the use of the business of the country a proper banking and currency system which shall automatically give an elastic currency, expanding and contracting according to the business methods, and inspiring a confidence in the business community which shall prevent panics."

In the regulation of railroads, he went on to say, we have already, by means of the Interstate Commerce Commission, "progressed far toward a satisfactory solution." With respect to the tariff he declared himself with those "who believe that protection in the past has been too high and that it is possible to lower the tariff so as not to interfere with business, give a living rate of protection to existing enterprise and yet prevent excessive prices growing out of excessive rates." In our present "lame banking and currency system," he said, "there ought to be some central authority that could take over the quick assets of the banks in the form of business paper, and issue banknotes on the faith of it to meet the exigency arising at any time in a demand for money." But interest in this Waterloo address centers chiefly on the President's reference to the trusts. To quote:

"The business community now knows, or ought to know, where it stands. The court declines to hold that competition is impossible under modern business conditions, but it insists that it must be given full opportunity for operation, and that any combined effort affecting interstate trade, looking to its suppression, is contrary to law. In other words, business must face the necessity of throwing away the crutch of combination against competition in its further progress. When this rule is recognized, when the corporations that have offended the law are disintegrated sufficiently to enable competition to have full play, then there is no reason why business should not go on unhampered.

"I have heard the severest criticism from some men engaged in business of the Antitrust Law. It is difficult for me to argue with them, because I don't understand how their position can be supported in the slightest. They seem to think that there ought to be some measure making legal the control of competition and limited monopoly, some statute enacted which shall establish a line between those monopolies that are reasonable and those that are not—those that are benevolent and those that are un-

Trust cases, in which the defendants have already submitted to a court order; the Towage Trust, which controlled the shipping in the Great Lakes, can not escape dissolution. Neither can the shipping combine, which is also being proceeded against. The Turpentine Trust cases are as good as disposed of; the responsible heads have been sentenced to prison, but have made a final appeal to the Supreme Court.

"Then there is the case of the Southern grocers, and that of the Lumber Trust, in which six different groups of indictments have been returned; and the Bathtub Trust, which also is both a civil and criminal proceeding.

"Then there is the Kindling Wood Trust, and don't forget the Publishers' Trust—their periodical clearing-house arrangement is as clear a violation of the Sherman Antitrust Law as any I know of. Then there is the Anthracite Coal Trust—the Reading case—and the Southern Pacific merger.

"Every one of these cases is being pushed and nearly every one of them has been begun since Mr. Taft took office.

"Then there is the United Shoe Machinery Trust, the heads of which have been criminally indicted."

Mr. Wickesham said later that the above interview was merely a conversation not intended for publication, but was substantially correct.

"With respect to the trusts," said the President in Peoria on September 22, "we are in a transition period, in this sense, that the Supreme Court has decided what the law is and now business has got to square itself with that law." And returning to the subject six days later in a speech at Waterloo, Iowa, he reiterated his earlier declarations that "big business" now knows exactly where it stands, and must proceed to conform to the law. Discussing in its widest aspects the Federal Government's relation to business, the President said:

"There are four most important points at which the policies of Congress and the Federal Executive touch the business of this country in such a vital way that the people are entitled to have the greatest care, industry, and application characterize governmental action in respect to them.

"They are, first, in respect of interstate commerce and the regulation of railroads and the rates of transportation between the

conceivable. No such line is possible, and the Supreme Court has expressly so decided. Mourning over a condition which is inevitable is useless, and until they realize that their views in this regard must be radically changed their complaints must fall upon deaf ears."



FALL OPENING OF ADVANCED STYLES.

—Kessler in the St. Louis Times.



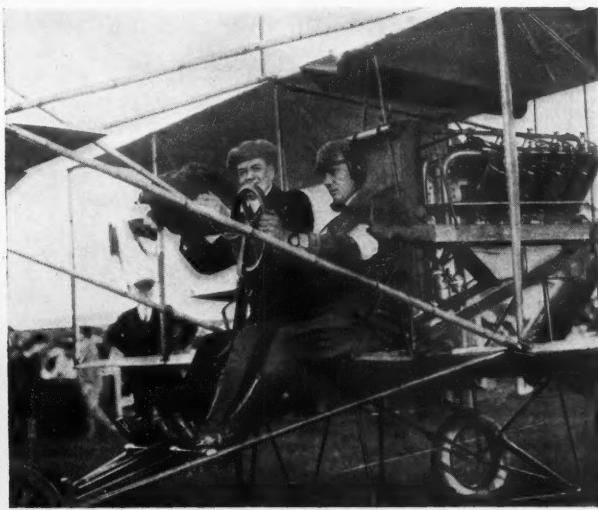
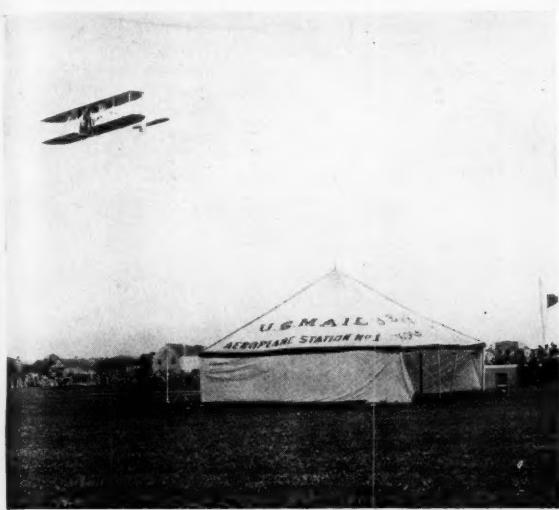
LOST IN THE WOOD.

—Ketten in the New York World.

October 7, 1911

THE LITERARY DIGEST

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UNCLE SAM'S FIRST AERIAL POST.

The picture on the left shows an aeroplane with mail leaving a "United States Mail Aeroplane Station" at Nassau Boulevard, Long Island; on the right, Postmaster-General Frank H. Hitchcock starting with a bag of mail from Nassau Boulevard for Mineola, a distance of five miles. The trip was made September 26. The other "postman" (at the wheel) is Captain Beck, U. S. A.

What is the situation? asks the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* (Rep.), after listening to the news of crashing securities and financial turmoil. And it answers its own question as follows:

"Why, simply this: The whole industrial and financial order of the civilized world—the order which came in 125 years ago in France, spread to England, and practically was born in America with our own Republic—the order of private effort in business, of personal and private organization in business, is in the throes of a great change and is threatened with a return to the government-owned, government-regulated, and gild-organized order that came down from the Middle Ages and was smashed by the savage blows of the French Revolution."

If it is the purpose of the Government of the United States to wage war upon big business, remarks *The Wall Street Journal* (Fin.), "then this country may as well abandon the effort to compete with the big combinations of other countries in foreign markets."

Turning now to those papers which take an optimistic view of the situation we find them defending the President's position no less enthusiastically than the others attack it. "A state of business confidence which depends on the toleration of known violations of law obviously rests on a very insecure basis," declares the New York *Journal of Commerce* (Com.), which adds that "similarly, a condition of business apprehension which is provoked by the detection and punishment of rich and powerful violators of the law must be held to be a highly irrational state of mind." And it goes on to say:

"There is no disposition whatever to pursue a policy of wholesale prosecution, and there is every desire to make compliance with the law easy for the trusts and combinations which show an honest desire to respect its mandates. In all this there is surely no good ground for apprehension as to the future of business. No real values are being destroyed, and only values which have been artificially inflated are being reduced to their appropriate dimensions. And, what is perhaps as important a consideration as any, the fire is being drawn of the professional agitators who would like to keep the trust question alive and be able to indulge in denunciations of monopoly for whose repression they have prepared more stringent legislation than that already on the statute-book."

"Actualities, in short, are encouraging," says the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), which supports its view with the following facts:

"On the very day that the Steel 'slump' culminated—if indeed it has culminated—the Controller of the Currency issued his

annual statement of the deposits in the mutual savings-banks of the entire country. Their total resources are \$3,762,000,000, an increase for the year just past of \$109,952,000, including an increase of investments against an increase of a round hundred millions of dollars in the liabilities to depositors. It can not be suggested that the year of reaction among capitalists has been equally severe among the wage-earners who compose the savings-bank class. This week also there have been published the figures of foreign trade for August, showing an export of manufactures eight millions of dollars in excess of last year. Never yet have our exports of manufactures reached a billion dollars for a year, but they are now running at the rate of a billion and a half, promising a new record for this billion-dollar country. The connection between these two 'cheer-up' items is obvious. The goods which thus swell our export balance have previously swollen our wage fund, and despite the cost of living the wage-earners are showing that they have a surplus."

A competent observer across the water, the London *Statist*, also takes an optimistic view of underlying conditions in this country. To quote:

"Of course, it is true that the losses have been very heavy; that securities in many cases have been taken over from weak holders by strong holders, and that the latter do not mean to keep them permanently. But the economic conditions in the United States are sound, and recovery there is usually very rapid."

Returning to our own press, we find the New York *World* declaring—

"It is time this entire trust situation was cleared up. Business is depest in consequence of it. Capital is timid. Industry is languishing. The country needs peace, stability, and assurance. But the situation will never be cleared up on Wall Street's terms, and this fact might as well be understood first as last."

"The great corporations that continue to flout the Sherman Law are not running counter merely to an act of Congress or a policy of the Administration. They are flouting the well-settled convictions of the American people. There are few acts in the Federal statutes that have a more unanimous body of public sentiment back of them than the Sherman Antitrust Law. . . .

"Does Big Business want years of further agitation and litigation and uncertainty? Or is it prepared to conform to the law and the sentiment of the American people and live in harmony with the American people? As between the Nation and the Stock-ticker, the Nation is bigger and stronger and will prevail. This is exactly the 'psychological moment' for making it plain that the law is to be enforced and that its deliberate violators are to be sent to jail."

HAS CANADA KILLED MR. TAFT'S CHANCES?

IF THE CANADIAN voters have killed two birds at one shot, and have doomed Mr. Taft to private life, along with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, our effort to mingle in Canadian matters may turn out to be a boomerang of the first order. Yet that is the very possibility predicted by some of our political experts. President Taft himself says that Canada's refusal has hit him "between the eyes," and when the news of reciprocity's defeat was announced, a feeling was evident that the President had lost the main issue on which he had staked his political fortunes. His friends, however, on more mature consideration, are saying that the loss of this issue may be a blessing in disguise. "The outlook for the Republican party has suddenly brightened," asserts the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.), a loyal Administration paper, and Congressman Butler Ames (Rep.), of Massachusetts, goes further and declares that the defeat of reciprocity "insures President Taft's reelection." Altho deprived by an alien vote of the most notable achievement of his administration, the President, says the Danville *Commercial News* (Rep.), is to-day stronger with his party than he was before this reverse. This view—which is shared by the San Francisco *Call* (Rep.), New York *Globe* (Rep.), Butte *Inter-Mountain* (Ind.), Washington *Post* (Ind.), Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.), the Charlotte *Observer* (Dem.), and the Buffalo *Enquirer* (Dem.)—is based on the theory that the defeat of reciprocity will allay opposition to the President among American farmers, and at the same time rob the Insurgents of much of their thunder. To quote again from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:

"Now there will be a closing of the lines in the Republican party. The Insurgents opposed reciprocity, and were backed in their attitude by a powerful element of their constituents. As this issue is buried beyond any hope of resurrection in the near future, there will be no excuse for continuing the revolt any longer. The tens of thousands of farmers who protested against the measure while it was before Congress now have their views carried out, tho this is through the grace of an alien people."

"The threatened bolt by the agriculturists against the Republican party will not take place. The incentive for it has been removed. It has been removed in such a way, and with such an emphasis, that this peril is eliminated permanently. In the rural districts of the North and West the Republican party has usually been particularly strong. Whenever the party had the farmers on its side, as it did for more than three-fourths of its career, it was successful at the polls. The farmers are with the party once more, and now they will stay with it. From this time onward insurgeney will diminish. It has lost its chief reason for existence."

"The Democratic arithmetic men, in their guesses for 1912, will now take Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Wisconsin, and the other States of their locality out of the Democratic or the doubtful column. Republican sway in them is reasonably assured of continuance. While reciprocity was pending there was a ferment in many of the Western States which recalled the bolt to Weaver in some of them in 1892, and to Bryan in several of them in 1896. There is no good reason now to fear that the Republicans will lose many of the trans-Mississippi States in 1912 which they have usually carried."

That there is no universal and acute sense of national disappointment over the death of the reciprocity agreement may be gathered from the fact that from more than one quarter we hear notes of unrestrained rejoicing. "Joy will reign supreme among the American farmers," exclaims the Chicago *Farmers' and Drovers' Journal*, and in the Seattle *Times* (Ind.) we find jubilation because Canada's rejection of reciprocity has "protected the State of Washington in its tremendous trade with Alaska, maintained the integrity and profits of its fisheries, prevented not less than three years of utter stagnation in the lumber trade, kept the Northern gold stream running in its present channel, and put Eastern Washington wheat up 2½ cents per bushel." Under reciprocity, it explains, "Alaska's

gold, which now comes to the Seattle assay office, would be diverted to Vancouver for the very simple reason that it would follow Alaska's trade to the same general district"; the fish-packing business of Washington and Oregon "would be destroyed and that immense industry established inside the Canadian border for the second very simple reason that Canada places absolutely no restrictions upon immigration and, as a result, with imposts removed, could supply the American market with fish packed at 25 per centum of the labor cost under which the American industry is held by immigration restrictions"; and the lumber industry "would suffer in almost as great degree, and for precisely the same reason."

Even the Philadelphia *North American* (Ind. Rep.), which has been outspoken in its criticisms of the President, admits that the Canadian vote "has done just one thing for Mr. Taft—it has fully justified his veto of the 'Farmers' Free-List Bill.'"

On the other hand there are plenty of papers that agree with the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) and the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) that the Canadian vote has dealt President Taft "a terrible blow." Says *The Republican*:

"What had seemed to be his greatest achievement is suddenly struck dead, and all the strain and labor of the special session of Congress that grew out of it are gone to waste. He is left with the burden of his tariff vetoes and his widened breach with the Insurgents of his own party, while he has been deprived of the one great success which had crowned his career in the presidency. The Canadian result seems to throw our political situation into a degree of confusion that hitherto has not distinguished it, and the conditions which Mr. Taft now confronts must tax his abilities to the utmost."

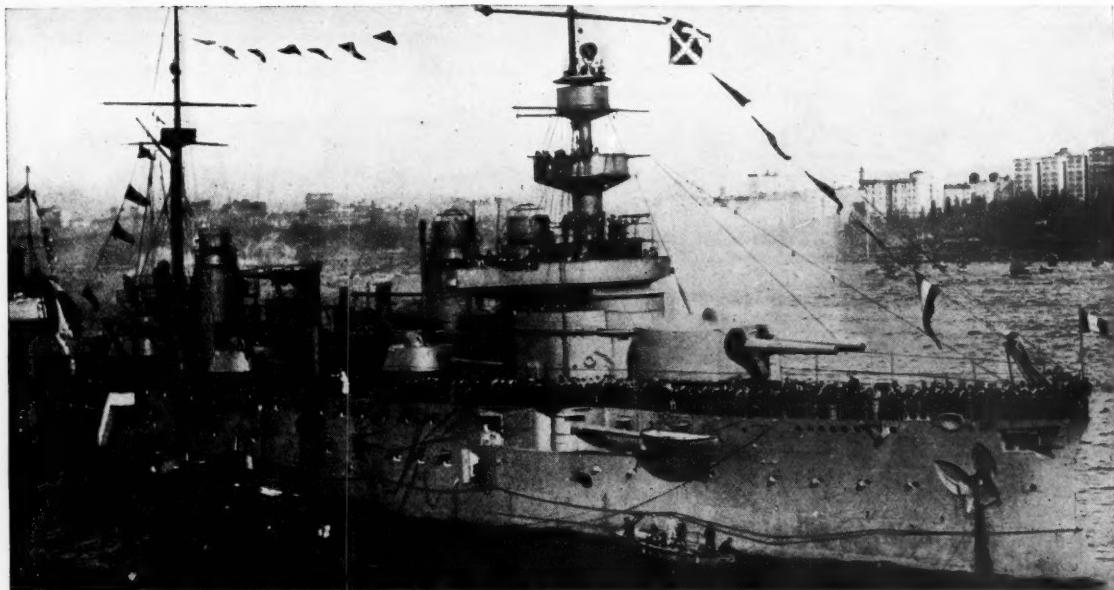
It "leaves him without anything to his credit in the matter of tariff revision," declares the Nashville *Tennessean* (Dem.), and the Pensacola *News* (Dem.) remarks that "it was about almost the only political asset he had, and it is too bad that he lost it." It is fairly certain that the result in Canada will react, however unfairly, upon the President," says *The Wall Street Journal* (Fin.), which adds:

"In this country the effect upon tariff revision will probably be direct and immediate. Failing in an effort to secure this measure of liberty and enlightenment in our most difficult fiscal task the Democratic party will be the more determined to attack the tariff citadel from other and weaker sides. Unless the Tariff Commission displays overwhelming capacity to handle rapidly the difficult investigations committed to its charge, it will be swept away. President Taft, who is committed so completely to its success, may be inextricably involved in its ruin."

More definite are the predictions of the Philadelphia *Financial Bulletin* (Fin.), in which we read:

"Defeat of the Reciprocity Treaty in Canada, following the Taft tariff vetoes and his latest speech attacking the trusts, are now looked upon as important financial circles as sounding the death-knell of Taft so far as reelection is concerned. Much had been hoped for from the reciprocity situation. The peace treaties, too, would have helped, put through, but even they are held up. The accomplishments of the Administration are viewed as small, it is said in responsible political circles."

The real lesson for this country in the Canadian vote, declare many of the Democratic papers, is that our only hope of tariff reform lies in Democratic success next year. Reciprocity, after all, remarks the Charleston *Post* (Dem.), "was only a by-path for the escape of the Taft Administration from true tariff revision, to which it was pledged by the platform on which the President was elected in 1908." So, too, thinks the Oklahoma City *Oklahoman* (Dem.); and the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.) reminds its readers that "this country is not dependent upon any other country for permission to reduce its tariff rates in accordance with the interests of the people," and remarks significantly: "It is only the Republican party that seeks aid from foreign governments in the adjustment of its rates of taxation."



THE ILL-FATED "LIBERTÉ."

Fire was discovered near the *Liberté's* magazines at 5 A.M. September 25, but before it could be checked, explosions began to shake the vessel. "Then came the final terrific explosion," says a press dispatch, "the *Liberté* was rent asunder, her bow was thrown high in the air, and then the vessel slowly settled down. In nineteen minutes nothing was visible but the top works." Some 235 men met death, and scores were wounded. Spontaneous combustion of powder and an antimilitarist plot have been assigned as causes of the disaster. The *Liberté* was of the pre-dreadnought type, and was seen in New York harbor at the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

LESSONS OF THE "LIBERTÉ" DISASTER

WHETHER the French battleship *Liberté* was blown up by antimilitarists whose souls recoil from the carnage of war, or by old powder intended to perform a similar service for the enemy, the result seems to some editorial observers at this distance to show that something is gravely wrong in France. In one case, a state of disaffection or treason is evident that might prove fatal when the nation was fighting for its life; in the other, a state of ignorance or stupidity that might produce the same result. "Remarkable ignorance and indifference" were in evidence, says the *Washington Herald*, and Delcasse, the French Minister of Marine, is himself reported as saying that the theory of the decomposition of old powder is not a sufficient explanation of the disaster that sent some 235 men into eternity. And the fact that this disaster is only the worst of a long series of accidents in the French Navy lends color to the darkest reflections.

It was early on the morning of September 25 that fire was discovered on the *Liberté* in Toulon harbor, and before the magazines could be flooded four explosions, in succession, tore the ship to pieces, killing or wounding half the crew and bombarding every other vessel near. "Some idea of the violence of the explosion may be had," says a press dispatch, "from the fact that the officer commanding the gunnery schoolship *Foudre*, anchored almost two miles from the *Liberté*, was killed on his own quarter-deck by a fragment of shell, and two sailors standing beside him were wounded." Furthermore, a 37-ton steel armor-plate was hurled to the deck of the *République*, 225 yards away, and along with it went the bugler who sounded the rally, with his bugle still in his hand. He was alive when found. The *République*, the *Démocratie*, and the *Vérité* were badly damaged and each lost a number of men.

The cause of the disaster is variously ascribed to a fire in the battleship's paint-room, from spontaneous combustion; to the deflagration of "B" powder because of age and possible high temperature; and to an antimilitarist plot following a recent violent "sabotage" demonstration of workmen in the Brest arsenal. "Sabotage" is the French term for the wanton destruction of property by striking employees. A press correspondent

asserts that fire was discovered in four different places in the *Liberté*, and the later discovery of fires on the *Patrie* and the *Suffren* lend color to the suggestion of treachery in the fleet. Vice-Admiral Bellue, commanding the squadron to which the *Liberté* was attached, has ordered that all powder made prior to 1902 be taken off the ships, and this is being replaced with newer explosives. This official is said to have wired the Minister of Marine, M. Delcasse, that there were four explosions aboard before the battleship took fire; but the *Temps* takes issue with him in insisting that the fire preceded the explosions. *La Patrie* quotes Admiral Marquis, formerly in command of the Toulon naval station, as supporting the contention that decomposition of powder caused the disaster; but Mr. Delcasse is said to have stated that "the causes are to be sought elsewhere."

A gloomy view of naval conditions in France is taken by the *Washington Herald*, which says:

"M. Delcasse, in his interview with the representatives of the French press, stated that he knew that the powder magazines were kept 'at a moderate temperature,' because, in a report received from the commanding admiral at Toulon, the latter stated that while the heat in his cabin reached 101 degrees, 'the temperature in the magazines was from 84 to 86 degrees.' It would seem as if the admiral should have speedily caused this excessive temperature to be reduced by refrigeration, as is the practise in the American Navy, or, if he did not have sufficient appreciation of the danger, the officials in the department should have promptly invited his attention to the matter."

"This accident, following so closely upon numerous others, and many of them serious, leads to the inevitable conclusion that rigid discipline and the vigilance which is the price of safety are lacking in the French Navy."

Advocates of the theory that the *Maine* was blown up from within, says the *New York Tribune's* Washington correspondent, "say that there is overwhelming proof of the soundness of their theory in the terrible disaster in Toulon harbor." And *The Tribune* concludes:

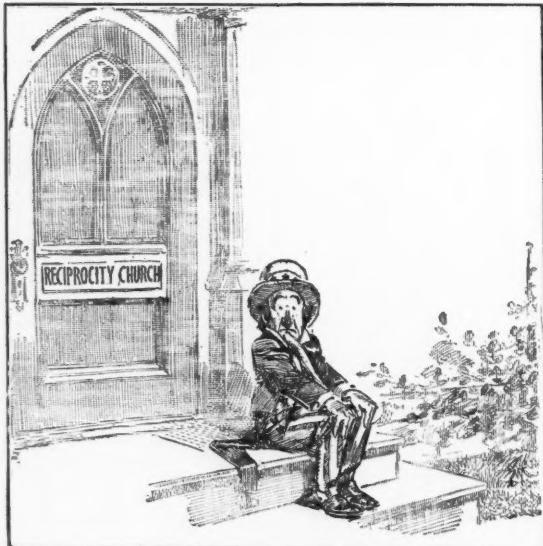
"The *Liberté's* bow was thrown upward and finally backward on the midship section of the hull. . . . The reports seemed to some of the experts to indicate that the condition of the wreck of the *Liberté* is almost precisely like that of the wreck of the *Maine* in Havana harbor."



NOTHING DOING!
—Heaton in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.



SPEAKING OF SPITE FENCES.
—Bradley in the Chicago *News*.



—Robinson in the Kansas City *Journal*.



THE COLD SHOULDER FROM "OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS."
—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

ECHOES OF THE CANADIAN LANDSLIDE

WELL, good-by, Canada! Take care of yourself.—*Columbus Dispatch*.
WELL, who suggested reciprocity in the first place?—*Detroit Free Press*.

WHISPER "Reciprocity!" to Mr. Taft and watch him grow lean.—*Chicago News*.

CANADA breathes freer now that it knows it is not to be annexed.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

SIR WILFRID and his lieutenants evidently didn't know it was loaded.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer*.

UNCLE SAM's summer flirtation is ended. But there are other summers and other girls.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

THE way to get even with Canada is to wait until she wants to be annexed and then turn her down.—*Toledo Blade*.

AND to think of all the breath that was wasted by Congress on the subject of reciprocity.—*Des Moines Register and Leader*.

Or course, if "Our Lady of the Snows" should change her mind, let her remember next year is leap-year.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

THE price of the gold pen with which President Taft signed the Reciprocity resolution has fallen ten points.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

No, Uncle Sam is not Canada's affinity.—*Chicago News*.
LET'S spurn the Canadian dime and be revenged.—*Chattanooga Times*.

POSSIBLY old King George III. is chuckling in his final sleep.—*Chicago News*.

IT will be a shock to some Canadians to learn that the American eagle commonly nests in Canada.—*Chicago News*.

CANADA has provided "Uncle Joe" Cannon with the first hearty laugh he has had for nearly two years.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

INSTEAD of "Our Lady of the Snows," Canada seems to have laid claim to the title "Our Lady of the Noes."—*Denver Republican*.

WELL, if we can't get the tariff wall down on the north border, let us try letting it down a bit in the three other directions.—*Detroit News*.

WELL, at all events, Canada can't keep us from reducing our own tariff when we finally make up our minds to quit cheating ourselves.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

IN England people say that Canada's rejection of reciprocity with the United States is Imperialism; in Canada that it is Nationalism, and in some other places that it is provincialism.—*New York World*.

WHY CANADA REJECTS RECIPROCITY

CANADA has rejected reciprocity and thrown out the Laurier ministry for more than one reason, according to the Canadian press. We are told in some quarters that the Canadians want no "entangling alliances" of any sort with their southern neighbor. Elsewhere we read that the triumph of Mr. Borden was intended to express dissatisfaction with the more progressive policy of Sir Wilfrid's party. But the main point dwelt upon by the Conservative press is that loyalty to England and anti-American feelings, based on Mr. Taft's words about Canada being "at the parting of the ways," roused up the fear of annexation by the United States. This is plainly stated by the Ottawa *Evening Journal* (Con.), which says:

"By one of the most overwhelming national votes in the political annals of civilization the people of Canada yesterday declared their determination to hoe their own row as a British country. They made their verdict so decisive that never again will the leaders of any political party dare to offend Canada's intention to pursue a national development under the British flag. This was the issue which lay in the public mind. This country accepted the view of the President of the United States, that Canada stood at the parting of the ways—namely, the way of continental union versus the way of British union, and this country has given her answer. The victory is not to be set down as a party one. It is not to be set down as a victory of Conservatives over Liberals. The triumph of the opposition to reciprocity could have been gained only by the assistance of the patriotism and courage and self-sacrifice of tens of thousands of Liberals, who in this election subordinated their party affiliations and sympathies to what they felt to be a national call."

President Taft employed this measure as a piece of "international strategy," declares the Conservative Ottawa *Citizen*, "to bolster up his waning popularity with the people of the United States. Great will be his disappointment." A somewhat similar anti-American acrimony is shown by the Halifax, N. S., *Herald* (Con.), which remarks of the results of the polling:

"Such slaughter is without parallel. The spirit of the people was indeed aroused. The Yankee pact-makers and wreckers of the country met with the justice that the public interest demanded."

The Winnipeg *Telegram* (Con.) implies that Laurier has been playing into the hands of Taft, and sacrificing Canada's national existence to the intrigues of the Washington Government, and we read:

"These impostors in statesmanship have been bragging for years that Canada is a nation and that they have made it such. They have forgotten that Canada is really a nation and must be so treated. They have endeavored to cajole her by racial, sectional, and antinational appeals, but Canada is a nation, and has one national pulse, which beats true from ocean to ocean."

The "criminals" who "tried to set the East against the West" of Canada, the manufacturers against the farmers, roused the indignation of the pure-hearted Canadians, according to the Montreal *Gazette* (Con.). It was for this reason that the Government is beaten, we are told.

The friends of reciprocity, on the other hand, take their defeat with equanimity, and remark that the voters were misled and will some day realize their mistake. The Montreal *Witness* (Ind.), which advocated reciprocity, says somewhat loftily that it is "sorry for the people of Canada to-day for what they have lost." But annexation had been made a "nightmare," and "an ounce of scare is more potent than a pound of common sense, or a ton of seasoned argument." "The scare was effective. Mr. Borden appealed to race prejudice and the fear that reciprocity would bring about annexation."

The Liberal papers try to put the best face on the matter. The Montreal *Herald* remarks:

"The best thing about the election is that the intention of the people is beyond being mistaken. Wisely or unwisely, they do not want the tariff agreement negotiated with the States, and that is as much as to say they do not want any tariff agreement, for none can be very well negotiated in which less of the elements of entanglement and instability could appear. The verdict of the people undoubtedly reflects the determination of a people to run their own show."

The mistake made by the Government, thinks the Ottawa *Free Press* (Lib.), lay in not increasing the British preference before offering reciprocity. Anti-American feeling would not



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

SAM—"Wall, I swan!"

—Toronto *News*.

then have been aroused, and the "results of the election would have been different because such a course would have eliminated the loyalty argument." Calm is the comment of the great organ of the grain-growing West, which was supposed to be particularly benefited if reciprocity was accepted. The Winnipeg *Free Press* (Lib.) says the Liberals "should accept the situation with good nature," and adds:

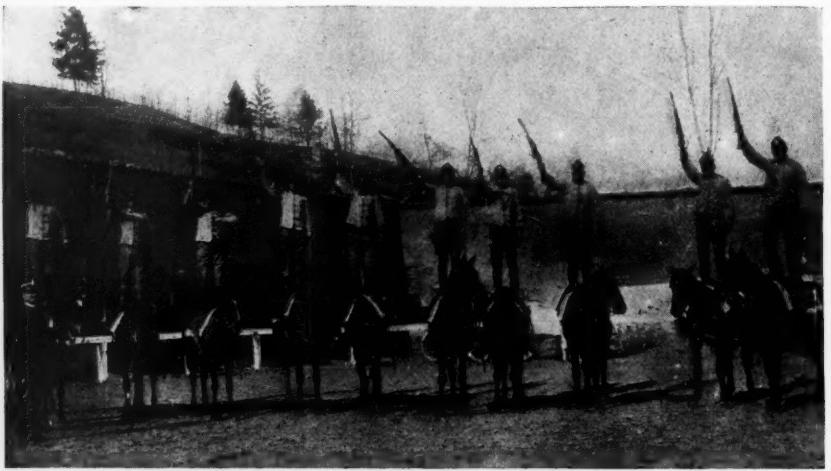
"A straight, clear issue was put up to the Canadian people. . . . They were asked to say whether they desired reciprocity in natural products with the United States. They have decided by a substantial majority that they do not. Incidental to this decision, the Liberal Government, headed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has been defeated. The Government has literally been shot to pieces, about half its members having failed of reelection in their constituencies. The verdict is decisive; and is to be accepted without question."

The most important of Liberal papers in Canada, the Toronto *Globe*, does not refer to the immediate or presumable cause of the defeat of the movement, but looks upon that defeat as scarcely to be called final. Thus we read:

"For the principle and the purpose involved in the reciprocity agreement—for larger markets and for relief from food taxation—every genuine Liberal stands unabashed by rebuff and ready to do battle again. The 'hard saying' of equality and not privilege may cause some to go back—as every challenge to unselfishness and justice has ever done—but those who stand fast and rejoice in the struggle that is ahead are not only the soul and body of Liberalism in Canada, but are the hope and heart of the great movements of democracy and of social justice in the Canadian nation. Thursday's conflict only disclosed the forces and entrenchments of prejudice, reaction, and privilege. In another form, it may be, but with unabated enthusiasm, the struggle for the free rights of the common people will go on."

TRIPOLI'S TURN

THE NORTHERN SHORE of Africa has always been coveted by foreign nations as a rich and fertile region, furnished with excellent harbors. Algeria has been taken under French protection; Morocco, to the west of this district, has largely been cause of dispute between Germany, France, and Spain; and now Tripoli, lying to the east of Algeria,



ITALIAN CAVALRYMEN WHO TAME WILD HORSES.

First squadron of the "Savoy" regiment, who have reduced wild horses to the docility evident above.

is threatened by Italy. While Tripoli is really a vilayet, or province, of the Turkish Empire, it is much exploited by Southern European merchants, especially the Italians, and the intercourse between Italian merchants and the Turks has led to ill feeling. The Italian papers do not deny that Italy covets Tripoli as a field for the colonization of its surplus population.

But the Italian Government takes much the same position as the United States did in regard to Cuba, and bases its demand on the inability of the Turk to keep order in a territory where many Italian subjects live and do business. In its note of September 28, the Government at Rome said to the Porte:

"During a long series of years the Government of Italy never ceased to make representations to the Porte upon the absolute necessity of correcting the state of disorder to which the Government of Turkey had abandoned Tripoli and Cyrene. These regions should be admitted to the benefits of the progress realized by other parts of the Mediterranean and Africa."

"This transformation, which is imposed by the general exigencies of civilization, constitutes for Italy a vital interest of the first order by reason of the slight distance separating these countries from the coasts of Italy.... The Italian Government, having the intention henceforth to protect its interests and its dignity, has decided to proceed to the military occupation of Tripoli and Cyrene."

"The solution is the only one that will give Italy power itself to decide and itself attend to that which the Imperial Government does not do."

The *Tribuna* (Rome) justifies the action of its Government by saying:

"The Italian Government has for a long time tried to settle the question by every diplomatic method, but without effect. Turkey now wakes up from a long sleep and offers concessions, which come too late."

"Military occupation of Tripoli is not desired by Italy. It is imposed by the facts of the situation. If Turkey to-day were more far-sighted than in the past, the solution of the Tripoli question would be a source of strength, instead of weakness, to her."

This paper denies that Italy "advances any claim to monopoly by means of any undertaking, in regard to the economic development of Tripoli"; but adds significantly that "naturally the Italian Government will never permit its citizens and Italian economic interests to be put, under any pretext, in an inferior position with respect to other traders in Tripoli."

Turkey is hardly in a position to resist Italy by force, especially when the Powers seem disposed to view Italy's

move with indifference, but the Turkish press are belligerent enough. The journal *Islam* (Constantinople) publishes an article in which we read that the Turks know well the strength and quality of the Italian Army and Navy, yet none the less they will stand their ground. It adds:

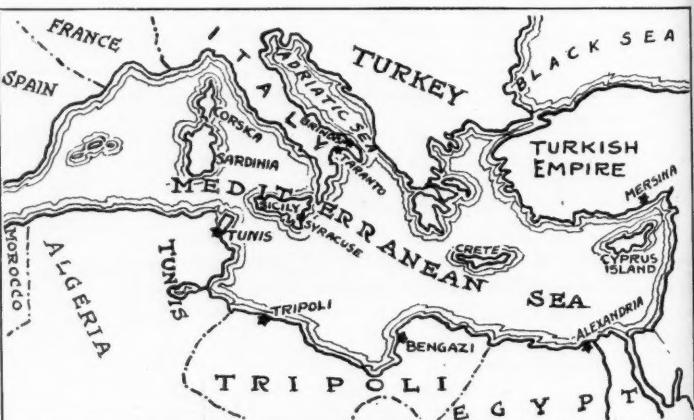
"We intend to preserve our rights from invasion, and to maintain our prestige. At present the Tripoli question seems likely to drench all Northern Africa in blood."

"Italy is adopting a method of tactics similar to those employed by France in Tunis," declares the *Alemeida* (Constantinople), which continues :

"Italy is in danger of committing a political blunder, and is bound to risk a diplomatic defeat. We shall oppose, by force if need be, even a peaceful penetration into our territory."

A SOCIALIST VIEW OF ALFONSO

IN SPAIN itself all criticism of the King is repressed with a stern hand, and the prisons are full of those who have been reckless enough to speak their thoughts when those thoughts were uncomplimentary. The present riots show there has been considerable thinking of that sort going on, but we have to go to one of the Socialist papers in the neighboring city of Paris to find a sample of what is being whispered in Madrid. Premier Canalejas and his master Alfonso have

UNDER THE WAR-CLOUD'S SHADOW.
Italy, Turkey, Tripoli, and adjacent countries.

learned nothing, says the Paris *Humanité*, from the riots and uprisings at Barcelona and the wide indignation roused by "the assassination of Ferrer." The Spanish prisons are packed with political prisoners, we read. "Who would think that in

the single sentence or pen? kept in a beggar, ing on "Long l nationalists should be This wr To t this fury arachy of will at s which p The v in the su in the c King " civil list Romanc from a are usu revolutio The h of hang Socialis days of emigrat "The which ha venu m sonally gang of the Pal "Tha forced to home fir as crimin debauch principi The autoera he exer consider under C of thing Carlos. The writer. of Spain. Since capital speech, practise there were no this pie "In will con has obt Spanish against people so the e are no "Wh will do LITERA

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the single prison of Barcelona there are twenty-nine people sentenced for political and social offenses, committed by speech or pen.²" Artists, professors, journalists, and laboring men are kept in durance there, and we read that among them is "a blind beggar, called Simarro, convicted of having sung a song reflecting on the Army"; and a citizen who shouted in the street, "Long live the Republic!" "If we gave the names of the journalists prosecuted under the infamous Law of Censorship, we should have to devote to the list a whole column of our paper." This writer proceeds to arraign the acts of the Spanish ministry in the strongest terms, and speaks in the most violent language of the personnel of the reigning dynasty. To quote his words:

"To those who know the history of recently deposed dynasties, this fury of persecution and repression which possesses the monarchy of Alfonso XIII. will certainly prove a revelation. They will at any rate be able to judge from it of the awful conditions which prevail in the immediate circle of the criminal King!"

The writer goes on to tell of some of the ribald songs sung in the streets of Spanish cities reflecting upon the highest names in the court, and mentions a report that the dissipations of the King "have reached such a point that in spite of his generous civil list, he has been compelled to borrow \$400,000 from Count Romanones, the President of the Chamber, and \$1,400,000 from a German banker." Of course, street rumors of this sort are usually the reverse of dependable, but when the spirit of revolution is abroad, their influence is prodigious.

The King and his ministers have fallen a prey to such a clan of hangers-on, parasites, gamblers, and bullies, declares this Socialist reporter, as filled the anteroom of Whitehall in the days of Charles II. of England. The best of the citizens are emigrating from Spain, and we read:

"The Spanish policy which Canalejas desires to control, and which he is at present disgracing by his cowardice and his parvenu methods, is altogether dictated by the people who personally surround the King and are under the command of the gang of swaggering soldiers and noble reactionaries who frequent the Palace."

"That is to say, that while the best Spanish citizens are forced to leave the country, and those of them who remain at home find themselves tracked like wild beasts and condemned as criminals, the rulers of the country live in the most unbridled debauchery, and Mr. Canalejas repudiates one after another the principles he has been defending during the whole of his past life."

The immediate cause of the Portuguese revolution was the autocratic authority given to the royal minister Franco, which he exercised without respect of persons in carrying out what he considered to be needed reforms. The present situation in Spain under Canalejas is described as exactly similar to the condition of things in Lisbon during the last days of the unfortunate Dom Carlos.

The lesson of Portugal should make Spain pause, adds this writer. Carlos should be a warning to Alfonso, for the people of Spain have become disgusted with him and his Minister. Since "this great democrat, this partisan of the abolition of capital punishment, this passionate defender of liberty of speech, came into power, there have been such machinations practised against journalists and political propagandists, and there has been exhibited such an odious abuse of power, as were never before seen in Spain." The writer concludes with this picture of the future:

"In reflecting on all these things the thought of Portugal will come into many a mind. King Alfonso, like Dom Carlos, has obtained large advances of money from all quarters. The Spanish people, just as lately the Portuguese people did, rail against monarchy, and abominate monarchs. And, as the people of Portugal forced the dictator Franco to flee for his life, so the people of Spain drove from office the bloody Canalejas.

"When this latter shall meet his fall, Alfonso, the criminal, will do well to pack up his trunks."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

A TREATY THAT DISAPPOINTS JAPAN

DISCONTENT is felt in Japan over the sealing treaty recently concluded at Washington between Japan, Great Britain, Russia, and the United States. The treaty settles an old dispute, and thus removes an international cause of friction, but the Japanese feel that it hits their sealing industry a staggering blow. Indeed, the *Kokumin* (Tokyo), the semi-official journal of the Ministry which negotiated the treaty, seems to be the only metropolitan newspaper in Japan which congratulates the Mikado's Government upon the pact, saying:

"With great satisfaction we note that this mooted international problem has been solved in an amicable manner. In recent years the sealing enterprise in northern seas has been a



A SQUADRON OF TURKISH CAVALRY.

source of serious apprehension on the part of the Japanese authorities, as it has occasioned frequent disagreements among the parties engaged in the trade, owing to endless troubles arising out of the question of territorial water. We were, indeed, in danger of becoming involved in international complications over the question, just as America, England, and Russia were involved at one time or another. The annual proceeds from our sealing industry does not exceed \$100,000. Such a paltry sum certainly is not worth the risk of sacrificing the good-will of our friendly neighbors."

The *Kokumin* is challenged, however, by such influential independent journals as the *Nichi Nichi* (Tokyo) and the *Jiji* (Tokyo), both of which regard the treaty as decidedly unfair to Japan. To quote the *Jiji*:

"At present we have fifty vessels engaged in sealing in the waters dealt with in the treaty, and the annual catch of seals by these vessels is estimated to be between 10,000 to 12,000 head. At \$25 to \$30 per head, the annual yield from our sealing industry amounts to between \$250,000 to \$360,000. Presuming that one-half the gross receipts are required to defray general expenses necessary to carry on the industry, the net profit realized by our sealing concerns amounts to a sum varying from \$125,000 to \$175,000 a year."

"Now the treaty obliges us to abandon this profitable industry, in consideration of which we are allowed to divide equally with Canada 30 per cent. of the annual catch from the Russian and the American herds, which is estimated at 20,000 head,

representing a value between \$500,000 and \$600,000. Thirty per cent. of this total value amounts to a sum between \$150,000 and \$180,000, and as this percentage is to be equally divided between England and Japan, our share will dwindle to something between \$75,000 and \$90,000. This is about one-half the net profit which our sealers have been getting annually. But the unfairness of the new arrangement lies not so much in the sum apportioned to Japan, as in the fact that Canada, which has only five sealing vessels, is allowed the same percentage as that allowed Japan, which has no less than fifty sealing vessels. Even admitting that five Canadian vessels are able to accomplish more than an equal number of our vessels, because the sealing waters are nearer their home ports, it can not be denied that the share allotted to us is out of all proportion to what our sealers have been reaping."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

DEPOPULATION IN GERMANY

THE PEOPLE of Eastern Germany, like their cousins in England, are being crowded out by the existence or expansion of large landed properties, says Raphael-Georges Lévy in the *Économiste Française* (Paris). The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which is a democratic organ, and represents the "Young Germany" so much disliked by the Kaiser, confirms this saying, and goes into particulars. It appears that while the rest of the German Empire has increased its population at the rate of 60 per cent. during the last forty years, the provinces of the Upper Elbe, including Posen and Silesia, show a decrease, due to emigration. The peasants leave the country because they are landless. They purchased their freedom from serfdom and feudal dependence between 1816 and 1865 by ceding their property to the nobles, and in that period alienated some 2,000,000 acres to the large landowners. Speaking of the farm lands and forests of the provinces of Eastern Prussia, Western Prussia, Pomerania, Posen, and Silesia, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says that from 40 to 50 per cent. of the country is owned by rich men. Therefore:

"The population of Eastern Germany, having no farms to cultivate, have emigrated. They began by going to the New World, but now they are more apt to crowd into the industrial centers of Western Germany. Between 1885 and 1900 the plains of Eastern Prussia have lost half a million inhabitants, 84,000 more than the excess of births over deaths during the same period. In 1905 two-thirds of the territory eastward of the Elbe was less densely populated than in 1870. The number of towns decreased, while just the opposite was the case with the rest of Germany where so many urban centers underwent an extraordinary development since the war. One town, situated at one hour's distance from a provincial capital of one of the eastern provinces, asked to be relegated to the rank of a village, as it profest to be unable to bear the expenses of municipal dignity. In the single province of Posen more than twelve towns have a population of less than a thousand. These towns are gradually decaying, choked off by the vast estates which encircle them and prevent them from having the elements of vitality which are necessary to them. It is thus that the current of population sets more and more rapidly toward the west, emptying the towns and rural districts of the east."

What is most feared by the German Government is the influence of Panslavism in the province east of the Elbe. "The kulturkampf of Bismarck, the imprisonment of priests, the incessant vexations of the Prussian authorities," have only served to stimulate the Slav spirit of nationality. Polish papers are forbidden by law to be sold at railway stations or bookstands; soldiers are forbidden to enter a Polish café; Polish lawyers are not admitted to practise in a Prussian court of law, but in vain. To quote further:

"The authorities have already expended more than \$13,000,000 in attempts to bring back the peasantry to Eastern Prussia and to settle them there. In quite recent times a number of laws have been passed with the object of accomplishing this end and of depriving the Poles of their lands and introducing farmers of Prussian nationality. But the contrast be-

tween the west, rich, industrial, covered with a growing population, and the east, dwindling in its inhabitants, who emigrate to the New World or the west of Europe, grows deeper and deeper. Of course, the gaps they leave in their native land are partly filled up by Russian and Galician immigrants, who work for the great landed proprietors at low wages and contribute to swell that tide of Panslavic invasion which Prussia so vainly strives to withstand."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

AMERICA CLOSING THE "OPEN DOOR"

IT IS ONLY a little while since our newspapers were accusing the Japanese of trying to close the "open door" in Manchuria. Now Japan makes the same charge against us. Editorial observers in Tokyo assert that America, acting in unison with Great Britain, France, and Germany, is conspiring to monopolize the exploitation of Manchuria. They base this charge upon the provisions of the agreement which China entered into with America and the three European Powers with regard to the loan of \$50,000,000. Article 16 of this agreement provides that, in case the Peking Government finds it necessary in the future to raise more loans in connection with the development of Manchuria, the capitalists of the above-mentioned four Powers shall be given preference to those of other Powers. In the opinion of the *Jiji*, that influential financial journal of Tokyo, this provision, if allowed to pass unchallenged, will virtually prevent both Russia and Japan from launching any fresh enterprise in Manchuria, and thus hedge them in in the sphere of activities which they have already acquired. This, the journal asserts, is obviously in violation of the principle of the "open door" which has been the *sine qua non* of Japan's Manchurian policy. To quote further:

"It is the irony of fate that America, which once led the Powers in establishing the 'open door' in Manchuria, should now become the chief agency in imposing upon China an agreement calculated to run counter to that principle. When in 1900 we concluded an agreement with China, the Government at Washington launched a protest, asserting that said agreement contained an article reserving to China and Japan the exclusive right of exploiting the mineral resources along the South Manchurian Railways. As a matter of fact, the covenant contained nothing of the sort; it only set forth the steps to be taken by China and Japan in case the two countries agreed to work mines as a joint undertaking on the lines of said railway. If America must protest against such an obviously harmless agreement, how much more justified must Japan be in protesting against an agreement which to all intents and purposes ignores the principle of the open door."

We are further informed by the *Jiji* that Russia and Japan are conferring with Great Britain and France with a view to securing a modification of the wording of the loan agreement so as to make it compatible with the open-door principle. These two European Powers will, this journal believes, eventually accede to the joint request of Russia and Japan, but the attitude of Germany and America appears more doubtful. If the friendly intentions of England and France should prove powerless to induce America and Germany to fall in line with them, then Japan and Russia will formally protest.

The tone of the *Nichi Nichi* (Tokyo) is even more vigorous. "England, America, and France profess to maintain with us the relation of an *entente cordiale*," it says, "yet none of them hesitated to conceal from us a scheme deliberately intended to injure our interests in Manchuria." This journal calls the loan agreement a "terrific monster," and says:

"The sum allotted to the development of Manchuria is \$30,000,000. With this enormous sum of money to be employed to the exclusion of the enterprises of other nations, the syndicate composed of the capitalists of America, England, France, and Germany will hold in its hands the destiny of Manchuria."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

UNLABLED FOOD

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, under our present system of regulation, to guarantee that the food bought in a restaurant shall be pure. To comply with the law the manufacturer has only to label his goods correctly. If he prefers to make "raspberry jam" out of apples, anilin, and dock-seed, he may do so, provided he tells the truth on his label, and so with other rank imitations, provided the ingredients are not poisonous. That lets the first buyer out; for if he chooses to purchase, he does so with his eyes open. If, however, he does so purchase, and, being a baker, a confectioner, or a restaurant-keeper, serves these fake goods to his customers, how may the public be warned or protected? We can hardly require a label on every biscuit and piece of pie. This question among others is discussed by Lewis Edwin Theiss, in *The Pictorial Review* (New York). Says Mr. Theiss:

"What is perhaps the one defect of the Pure-Food Law is the section permitting the sale of juggled foods, if their nature is printed on the label. 'Articles of food shall not be deemed adulterated,' says the law, 'in the case of mixtures or compounds which may be now or from time to time hereafter known as articles of food, under their own distinctive names, and not an imitation of or offered for sale under the distinctive name of another article, if the name be accompanied with a statement of the place where said article has been manufactured or produced.'

"Again the law says: 'In the case of articles labeled, branded, or tagged so as to indicate plainly that they are compounds, imitations or blends, and the word "compound," "imitation," or "blend," as the case may be, is plainly stated on the package in which it is offered for sale, the term "blend" as used herein shall be construed to mean a mixture of like substances, not excluding harmless colors or flavoring ingredients used for the purpose of coloring and flavoring only.'

"This part of the law opens the door for the ingress of foodless foods, fake pabulum, substitutions, imitations, and the like.

"Recently a sample meal was prepared in a laboratory, including even hot biscuits, and there was not a particle of food in the whole repast. Yet it had all the appearance of wholesome dishes. And that is the kind of stuff which slips through this loophole in the Pure-Food Law. The manufacturer has merely to label his products 'imitation' and they are legal. They may be unadulterated, and yet have no more food value than clay.

"The unscrupulous baker, the grocer, the hotel and restaurant man buy them for what they are. But unless the original packages are handed on to the consumer, how is the consumer to know what he is getting? He can not and he does not know. How do you know what was in the pie you ate at the restaurant yesterday, or in the ice-cream you had at the hotel last night, or in the cake you brought home from the bakery to-day?

"The formulas . . . will tell you about some of the things that get into your stomach without your knowledge. Here is the lemon-pie formula:

40 pounds sugar
180 pounds glucose
12 dozen eggs
2 gallons cottonseed oil
22 pounds corn-starch
8 ounces TARTARIC SOLUTION
8 ounces BENZOIC SOLUTION

The eggs used in this formula are frequently rotten, a large part of bakers' pastry being made with bad eggs. The benzoic solution is needed to keep the mixture from becoming putrid. Incidentally the meringue on commercial lemon pies is another foodless fake. It is often a preparation of soapbark, which beats up frothy, but has no more food value than so much lather.

"Here is the formula for the 'pure-food' mince-meat: 400 pounds apple, 50 pounds raisins, 100 pounds currants, 5 gallons cider, 5 pounds salt, 100 pounds yellow sugar, 3½ pounds spices, 12 ounces BENZOATE SOLUTION.

"The apples used are waste, and the other fruit is maggoty and decayed. It is old stuff picked up at a bargain. 'A job' is the trade name for such a bargain. The whole is embalmed with benzoate. And yet it is 'guaranteed pure food.' If the maker labels it 'preserved with benzoate,' he can ship it anywhere. He does, and this is the stuff you get in cheap restaurant pies.

"Here is the formula for 'vanilla extract':

1 oz. 20 grs. vanillin
6½ ounces coumarin
6¼ pints color solution
12½ pints syrup
2½ gallons alcohol (not infrequently the alcohol used is wood-alcohol)
45 gallons water

"You notice that vanillin and coumarin are ingredients of this 'extract.' In the United States Dispensatory, Professor Kohler states that coumarin is a paralyzant of the heart, and Dr. Grasset says that in frogs vanillin produces spinal convulsions followed by paralysis. A frog, of course, is a very tender animal; but for that matter so are little children. Yet little children are continually eating these drugs. They enter into nearly every cake made by cheap bakers, and into much of the commercial ice-cream."

There are other recipes of the same sort, which Mr. Theiss asserts are in common use. His remedy is to patronize those who are worthy of our confidence, even if their prices are slightly higher. What to do when our confidence is abused, and how to find out when it is abused, are things that he does not tell us

THE INTERMARRIAGE OF RELATIVES

HERE ARE TWO VIEWS of the marriage of blood-relations—first cousins for instance; that it is objectionable in itself, and that it is so only when there is some inheritable defect in the family with which both are connected. Assuming that the same laws hold good throughout the animal kingdom, recent experiments on insects would seem to indicate that the latter opinion is correct. In the insect world a generation is so short that it has been possible in a few years to observe more than seventy-five generations in succession—a task that would have required perhaps 1,500 years had human beings been the subjects of investigation, says a writer in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris, August 26):

"In civilized nations, consanguineous marriages are condemned by morals and usage; they are condemned also by most physicians, who believe that they cause in their offspring sterility, malformations, and very often also idiocy and deaf-mutism. For example, there is cited the case of a consanguineous family in which, out of forty-three descendants, there were ten abnormal in some way, three idiots, three deaf-mutes, and one suicide. According to statistics of 883 consanguineous unions, of 4,013 children, 61 per cent. were malformed. There are, nevertheless, authorities who believe that consanguinity is objectionable only when the partners are constitutionally diseased; and that when both are strong and healthy, the children have the ordinary chance of being perfectly normal.

"The influence of consanguinity in animal families has also been investigated, but the results are rather contradictory. Mr. Moenhaus has just made an interesting study of a dipterous insect, *Drosophila ampelophila*. He has followed for a term of years the descendants of several couples and has shown that crossing between brothers and sisters may be continued for seventy-five or more generations without the least injury; the vigor and fertility of the insects, their size, their reactions to light and gravity, and the duration of their lives—all appear not to be modified. In nature, fecundity varies in different cases, and the same is true in captivity. By selecting the breeders, it may be either diminished or considerably increased, despite consanguineous crossings. . . .

"Mr. Moenhaus has also been able to establish, in the case of his *Drosophilas*, a fact that is interesting from the standpoint of the determination of sex. In a general way there are, in these insects, 100 males to 112 females, but according to mates there is more or less variation from this average. Now the author has shown that among the descendants of each couple there is always a tendency to reproduce the initial ratio. By selecting couples with which the proportion of females is greater or less than the normal, lines of descent presenting a strong or weak proportion of females may be obtained. Mr. Moenhaus believes

that the ratio between the number of males and females is a hereditary characteristic, and that it is transmitted solely by the female, for no matter what the line that has furnished the male, if the female belongs to a line rich in females, we shall have a high proportion of these among their descendants. Sex must then be determined by the female, and must be independent of the intervention of the male. It should be remembered, however, that altho this is true for the *Drosophila*, conditions may be different among other species."—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

LONDON'S RADIUM INSTITUTE

THE RADIUM INSTITUTE, a place where the sick are to be treated by the use of radium, in cases where this is thought likely to give relief, has just been opened in London. The institute owns more radium, it is said, than any other institution of any kind in the world, perhaps as much as half a teaspoonful, and its value is estimated at a quarter of a million dollars. The treatment offered is believed to be of benefit in certain cases of cancer when not too far advanced, in some cases of ulcer, and in a few intractable skin diseases. It is especially adapted to eases that for one reason or another can not be operated upon in the usual way. The establishment of this Radium Institute, we are told by *The Sphere* (London, September 2), whose illustrated article on the subject we are using, is due to the generosity of Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel, who acted upon a suggestion made by the late King. We read:

"There is a room that can be darkened. This is for the examination of the throat. Electric lights that grow brilliant and dim at will and strange-shaped taps that can be turned to let water flow with a touch of the elbow, to prevent possible contamination with the hands, are among the novelties in these rooms. Upstairs there are twelve rooms where patients undergo the application of the radium rays.

"Nothing more wonderful can be imagined than the little

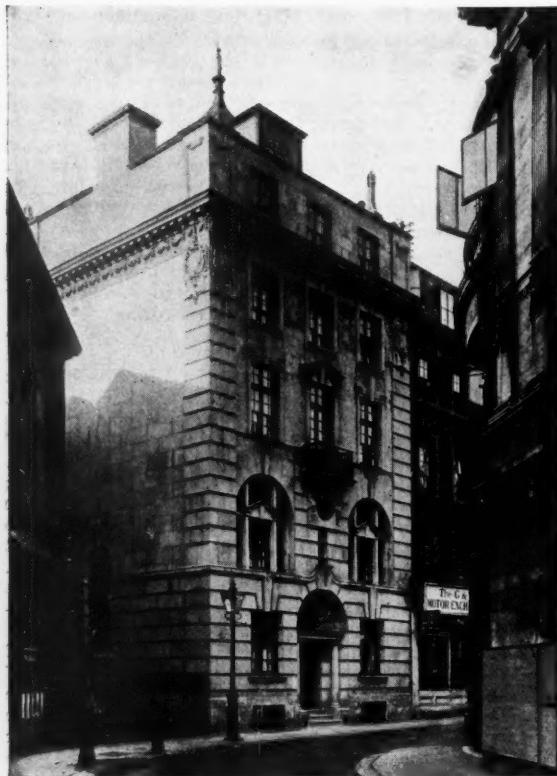
future of mankind's struggle against disease. The disk illustrated . . . contains seventy milligrams of radium, worth \$6,750. The trays when applied to the patient are covered with metal caps or screens which lessen or intensify the power of the rays according to the nature of the disease. Upstairs there is a laboratory where millions of disease germs live in slender glass tubes; downstairs in the basement is a strong room holding the largest stock of radium in the world.

"The scale-room where these tiny black specks of radium are weighed is a broad, lofty, white-tiled room absolutely vibration-proof. In the center is a stone table resting on solid brick supports which go through the floor to the very foundations of the building. On this stone table, under a glass case, the scales stand, and here the scientists weigh their costly fractions. The scales will register the thousandth part of a milligram.

"The building has in addition a fully-equipped mechanical workshop in charge of a highly-skilled technical assistant, and in this shop with its electrically-operated lathes, drilling machines, etc., all the special forms of apparatus on which the radium has to be mounted for the treatment of various diseases are manufactured. Here too are made the screens of different metals—aluminum, silver, and lead—varying from $\frac{1}{100}$ th of a millimeter to 3 millimeters in thickness."



DR. A. E. HAYWOOD.
Superintendent and general director
of the new radium institute.



EXTERIOR OF THE NEW RADIUM INSTITUTE IN LONDON.

square or circular trays of metal containing specks of radium in shellac varnish whose rays hold such vast possibilities in the

AN EXPLANATION OF BALL LIGHTNING—The existence of globular lightning was until recently seriously doubted by authorities on electricity. Its behavior, as reported, seemed so at variance with all the properties of electricity as hitherto known and understood, that they preferred to believe that the observers did not report correctly what they saw. Now, however, the existence of this form of electrical discharge seems abundantly proved, and something like it has even been produced in the laboratory. The latest word on the subject appears to be an investigation by W. M. Thornton, in which he shows that very probably the luminous, slow-moving spheres called ball or globe lightning are nothing but electrified masses of ozone, produced by the passage of a previous discharge through atmospheric oxygen. Says a writer in *Cosmos* (Paris, August 12):

"The way in which they move through the air makes it clear that these globular lightnings are composed of a gas heavier than air. Now, ozone is the only gas denser than air that is produced in abundance under the action of explosive electric discharges. On the other hand, it is affirmed that the dispersion of globular lightning gives rise to the production of ozone. On reaching the ground, globular lightning frequently undergoes a deviation, as under the influence of a repulsion; now the surface of the earth and ozone are generally charged negatively.

"The energy freed in the conversion of a corresponding volume of ozone into oxygen would suffice to explain the explosive violence with which these meteors burst. Finally, the blue color is characteristic of the sparkless electric discharges which in their passage through air give rise to ozone. It is also observed in the explosive combination of oxygen and hydrogen; when nitrogen is present this flame is yellow. Relying on these considerations, the author asserts that the principal component (altho perhaps not the only one) of globular lightning is an aggregation of ozone and oxygen partially dissociated, sent out from a negatively charged cloud by the train of electric waves following a violent lightning discharge."—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

AMERICA'S GIANT LOCOMOTIVES

WHEN A FRENCH scientific magazine, in an article on "Modern Locomotives," devotes ninety per cent. of its space to American engines, it is natural to conclude that our superiority in this regard is no longer disputed abroad. America, says the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris, August 19), "is at the forefront of progress in the construction of powerful engines." One may look elsewhere in vain for anything approaching the size and power of the huge machines that now haul our heavy freight-trains over mountain grades on the Western roads. The *Revue's* account of the steps that have led to the building of such great motors, and of the mechanical reasons for each, is succinct and interesting. We read:

"Railways, from the beginning, have been confronted by a problem whose solution is never final—the increase of power of their motive appliances. Passenger traffic is subject to a double law—development toward greater luxury and toward greater speed. The more luxury, the greater dead-weight there is per passenger. Fifty years ago the weight transported per third-class passenger was 450 pounds, while in 1910 it was nearly 900. It has risen from 700 to 1,500 for second-class passengers. In some first-class compartment cars it now reaches 3,000 pounds. The greater the speed, the greater the resistance to forward motion, and this resistance increases faster than the speed. These two reasons are sufficient to explain the enormous increases in motive power made necessary by the modern service of passenger transportation.

"In the case of freight, the general increase of traffic, the general evolution toward the reduction of the expense of administration, are leading to the formation of as heavy trains

as possible. Finally, the development of branch lines, serving out-of-the-way districts, and running over difficult grades, has led to the construction of engines able to develop, on steep grades, very large tractive power.

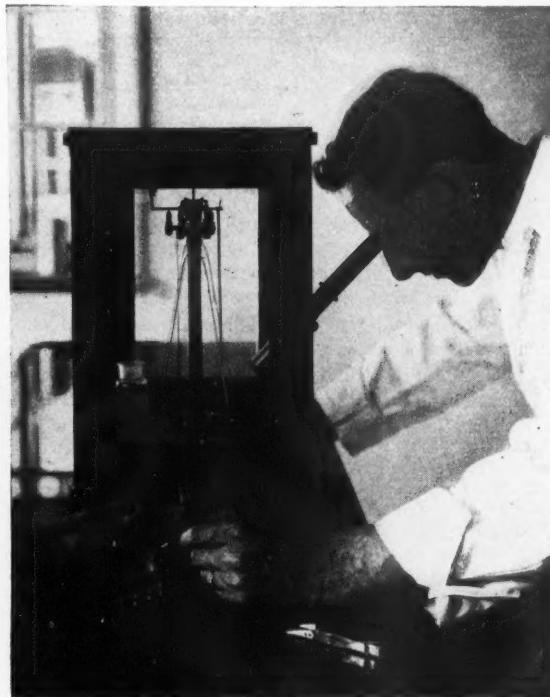
"It is in America especially that these conditions are imperative; and it is America that is at the head of progress toward the construction of engines of great power. While on European lines the most powerful locomotives have a tractive force of not over 10 tons, the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé railroads have placed in service locomotives whose theoretical tractive effort reaches 50 tons. These locomotives haul over 2 to 2½ per cent. grades trains of net weight exceeding 1,100 tons.

"The problem of the increase of power of locomotives raises many difficulties; not only must the heating surface and the size of the frame be increased, but also the adherent weight, that is to say, the part of the locomotive's weight that is supported by the driving-wheels. As the burden of a single wheel can not be raised above certain limits, this leads to the use of coupled driving-wheels, one of which is directly connected with the piston, while the others are joined to it with connecting-rods.

"But the coupled drivers can not be separated widely, as the locomotive could not then take sharp curves. This leads to the placing of the drivers under the heaviest part of the

locomotive and the sustaining of the parts in front and at the rear on carrier-wheels. . . .

"When the number of coupled drivers becomes very great it is necessary to give the end ones the possibility of slight lateral motion, but as they are coupled to the motor dri-



THE RADIUM BALANCE SCALES.

They can weigh a millionth part of a gram. The inner air must be free from moisture, and the operator has to use a microscope to see the tiny weights.

ver, this displacement must not be large; it must not exceed an inch or so. We can not go beyond groups of five coupled drivers (decapod engines) such as the most recent locomotives built for the Orleans Company [in France].

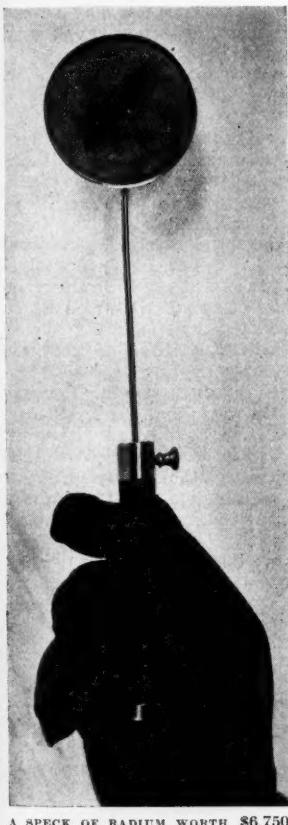
"If we desire to go still further, the motor drivers must be separated into two independent groups, making, as it were, twin locomotives with a common boiler. This is the Mallet type, which has two groups of coupled drivers, one propelled by high-pressure and the other by low-pressure cylinders. The frame is then divided in the rear of the forward group and the two parts are jointed together. The rigid boiler is fixed to the rear truck, and is able to slide over the forward truck. After rounding a curve, powerful springs bring it back to its normal position.

"These locomotives have generally a small wheel in front and behind; their types are designated by numbers indicating the successive groups of wheels.

"The movement of the boiler on the forward truck has various inconveniences, such as the delicate sliding adjustment and the additional frictional resistance on curves. Hence the remarkable innovation of the Baldwin Locomotive Co., which has built for the Santa Fé road locomotives with jointed boilers, which take curves in such manner that the forward and rear portions remain solidly fixed to their respective trucks."

Jointed-boiler locomotives have already been described and illustrated in these pages, and we omit the *Revue's* detailed description of them, quoting only its final remarks:

"These locomotives are provided with all modern improvements—double expansion, heating of the feed-water, superheated steam, reheating of the steam before its utilization in the low-pressure cylinders. The motor effort thus reaches about 50 tons. Of course, such giant locomotives can be used only on modern roadbeds, where the type of rails and the strength of bridges, etc., have been determined in expectation of such heavy weights—two or three times as great as those now met with in Europe."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



A SPECK OF RADIUM WORTH \$6,750.
IN A DISK.

Showing operator's hand protected with india-rubber glove.

joined to it with connecting-rods.

"But the coupled drivers can not be separated widely, as the locomotive could not then take sharp curves. This leads to the placing of the drivers under the heaviest part of the

FIVE HUNDRED MILES ON ONE LOAD OF COAL

ONE RAILROAD, at least, seems to be out for part of that million dollars a day which Mr. Brandeis has assured the roads they are losing through wasteful and old-fashioned methods. The Lehigh Valley road has recently demonstrated that a locomotive may be run 446 miles without recoalizing and with a saving of 40 to 50 per cent. over the usual consumption—a performance declared by *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* (New York, September), to be "the most remarkable ever made in this or any other country." The officers of this road, the writer tells us, have been devoting a great deal of attention lately to economy of coal. Believing that the engineers, firemen, and others had fallen into a rut in the use of coal, from which they would not emerge of their own volition, the company has employed a specialist to act as an instructor in economical methods. A booklet on fuel-and-steam economy is supplied to each engineer and fireman, and "assistant road firemen" have been appointed on each division, whose duty it is to ride on engines, instruct the men in proper methods of firing, and watch closely all matters pertaining to fuel consumption. We read further:

"In order to present actual figures to prove what can be accomplished by the united efforts of the engineers and firemen on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, it was decided to make a test on a passenger train, running one engine through, without change, from Buffalo to Jersey City, a distance of 446.6 miles."

"On June 21, 1911, locomotive 2,475, with Engineer John Covey and Fireman Frank Pettit in charge, left Buffalo on train No. 4, consisting of ten cars, and started on the run of 446.6 miles to Jersey City. Engineer Covey and Fireman Pettit were in charge of the locomotive the entire distance, and their efforts were successful, as the locomotive hauled the train the entire distance without taking coal. Between Wilkesbarre and Fairview, a distance of 16.3 miles, with a grade of 95 feet per mile, a helping locomotive assisted the train, which is the usual practice."

"The actual running-time was 10 hours and 40 minutes. The coal consumed on the trip was 30,070 pounds, being 67.33 pounds per train-mile, a small amount for the work done. The average steam pressure was 195 pounds. When time occupied in stops is deducted, the average speed was 41.8 miles per hour.

"This wonderful record shows what can be done by careful manipulation of an engine by the engineer and fireman. This performance, in all probability, is the most remarkable ever made in this or any other country by an engine hauling a heavy train on schedule time. The total amount of coal used between Buffalo and Jersey City was 15 tons and 70 pounds, while the amount of coal consumed on this run usually is between 25 and 30 tons."

UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION—An interesting experiment upon the influence of suggestion, or unconscious imitation, on handwriting is described by Dr. Daniel Stuart in *The Psychological Review*. The following abstract is from *Nature* (London, August 10):

"More than a hundred persons were investigated by the following method. Each person was provided with a set of five sheets, on the first of which was written the instruction: 'We desire records of your handwriting. Will you accordingly write out the words and sentences presented on the pages given you. Kindly do this without further questioning or reflection.' The second sheet contained a short paragraph of typewritten material, the subject's written copy of which provided an illustration of his (or her) normal handwriting. The third sheet was of vertical, the fourth of slanting, script; the fifth contained unusually large script, all taken from American 'copy-books,' and written out by the subjects of the experiment. The measurements of the slope of the subjects' handwriting were subsequently made by means of a scale of variously inclined lines drawn on transparent paper, which was superimposed on the handwriting; three letters, *l, f, p*, were selected for measurement. The size of the letters was determined by measuring their horizontal width, the lengths of entire words being measured

and divided by the number of letters. All the subjects who were investigated appeared to be (unconsciously) susceptible to this form of imitation, women showing a greater tendency toward imitation than men, and those persons who showed a large amount of change in slope also showing a large increase in the size of the letters. The more 'vertical' writers were, of course, influenced more by the sloping than by the vertical copy; the opposite relation obtained with the more 'slanting' writers."

A GOOD WORD FOR DRUGS

THE TENDENCY of modern medicine is doubtless away from the excessive use of drugs that characterized the profession half a century ago. The progress of synthetic chemistry has put into the hands of physicians many new compounds whose effects on the organism may be utilized in therapeutics; and yet, on the whole, these are being administered conservatively and with caution. There are not wanting, also, even in the ranks of the medical men, those who say that all drugs must go and that other curative means must take their place. Against this radical attitude, a protest is voiced editorially by *Life and Health* (Washington, September). We read in this magazine:

"The stock in trade of certain 'drugless healers' who, whether they manipulate the vertebræ, or the mind, or what-not, of the patient, never fail to manipulate the pocketbook as a necessary part of the procedure, is the oft-repeated dictum that drugs never cure disease; drugs are poisons, and poisons should have no place in the human system.

"Admitted that drugs are poisons, what then? Some of the glands of the body exist for no other purpose than to manufacture substances, which, if they are present in excess, may act as violent poisons, or, if they are deficient, disease or death may result.

"The statement that, because a substance is a violent poison in a certain quantity, it must be harmful in any quantity, is now known not to hold good.

"Epinephrin, a substance produced by the ductless glands just above the kidneys, while absolutely necessary to the health of the body (Addison's disease is caused by a deficiency of this secretion), in excess is no less poisonous than morphin. Measured by its action on rabbits, one-fourth grain would be a fatal dose for an ordinary man. Yet the absence from the blood of this important substance would be disastrous.

"These glands are only one example of many laboratories in the body making minute quantities of substances which in an overdose would be violently poisonous. The fact that a substance is a poison is no evidence that it may not be useful in the body.

"It is, however, evidence that we, in using a poison, are using a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways; and our knowledge of the chemical changes in the body are yet too crude to enable us to use even the best-known drugs with the assurance that while they are accomplishing certain results (e.g., the destruction of the malarial parasite by quinin, or the destruction of the hookworm parasite by thymol), they are not at the same time producing other and unfavorable results.

"In fact, we know the contrary; that is, in taking quinin, thymol, and similar drug remedies, we are taking with them certain evil consequences which we can not avoid.

"The effort of non-drug therapeutics—at least that which has a scientific basis—is to bring about the desired result without the use of substances known to be harmful. For instance, it is more in accord with reason to fight the malarial parasite by stimulating the malarial defenses of the body, the phagocytes, than it is to use a substance which, while it poisons the parasites, also poisons the phagocytes.

"The opposition of the 'non-drug' schools to drug medication is too often an opposition based on ignorance rather than knowledge—an ignorance which is hopeless for the reason that these schools are utterly opposed to the principal means of obtaining a true knowledge of physiological processes—laboratory research.

"It is to the credit of those who rely largely on hydrotherapy, that they have abolished this ignorant opposition to all research, have ceased to be 'water-cure specialists,' and have placed themselves in the attitude of receptiveness to all methods which may favorably influence the physiological action of the human organism.

"At the same time, the school which was once thoroughly committed to the drug system of treatment has most thoroughly learned that prevention is better than cure, and is now working more and more into the line of personal and public hygiene."

THE SMALLEST THING IN THE WORLD

THE ION, a fragment of an atom, which, if the electric theory of matter be true, is both the smallest quantity of electricity and the smallest quantity of matter capable of existing in the free state, is probably entitled to the above designation, which is bestowed upon it by William J. Humphreys, of the United States Weather Bureau, in *The Scientific American*. It is so small, Mr. Humphreys explains, that if enough electricity to generate the hydrogen in a toy balloon were to be obtained by counting out the ions, a hundred to the minute, the task would occupy one hundred million persons four million years. And yet these ions have been isolated and measured in the laboratory of Prof. R. A. Millikan, of the University of Chicago. Professor Millikan, Mr. Humphreys tells us, has modified and improved upon the methods of other previous experimenters. Whereas these used for their experiments a fog of tiny water particles, whose average size and weight could be calculated, as well as the average electric charge on each, Millikan isolates and observes a single droplet of oil, which he controls and experiments upon as easily as one might measure and test a block of steel. This droplet serves as a trap for flying ions whose accession to the drop is at once detected by sudden change in its behavior. Professor Millikan's methods are thus described by the writer:

"A fine spray of oil was blown by dust-free air into a dust-free chamber, the bottom of which was closed by a brass disk . . . pierced by a pin-hole, through which an occasional oil-droplet fell. Strictly parallel to this disk, and just 16 millimeters below it, was another brass disk of the same size. A band of thin ebonite was bound around the edges of the disks, while ebonite rods kept them fix in position and also strictly insulated from each other. In this way a cylindrical air-chamber . . . was formed between the two parallel brass plates.

"A parallel beam of light was passed through two diametrically opposite glass-covered holes in the ebonite band, and hence immediately beneath the pin-hole in the upper plate. Through a third glass-covered hole in the ebonite band a low-power telescope was so focused as to show distinctly any object floating in

the air immediately beneath the pin-hole. As soon as one or two droplets chanced to fall through this opening, and, therefore, into the field of the telescope, it was closed by an electromagnetically operated cover, so as to prevent, as far as possible, all disturbances due to air currents. Changes in the size of the drop were almost entirely eliminated by the use of substances that evaporate slowly, and by the additional precaution of having the volume of the cylinder, through moistening its walls, already saturated with the vapor of the substance used.

"The rate of fall of the droplet, due to the force of gravity alone, was measured, and in this way its size and mass approximately determined, as above explained. The plates were then charged to a known difference of electrical potential and hence the movement of the droplet, if electrified, was changed. The new velocity was measured and its direction noted. These measurements with the electric field alternately off and on were repeatedly taken, but during the course of the observations it frequently happened that the droplet encountered and entrap a free ion of one or the other sign, as was evidenced through its abrupt changes in velocity. The more ionized the gas, the more frequent the captures.

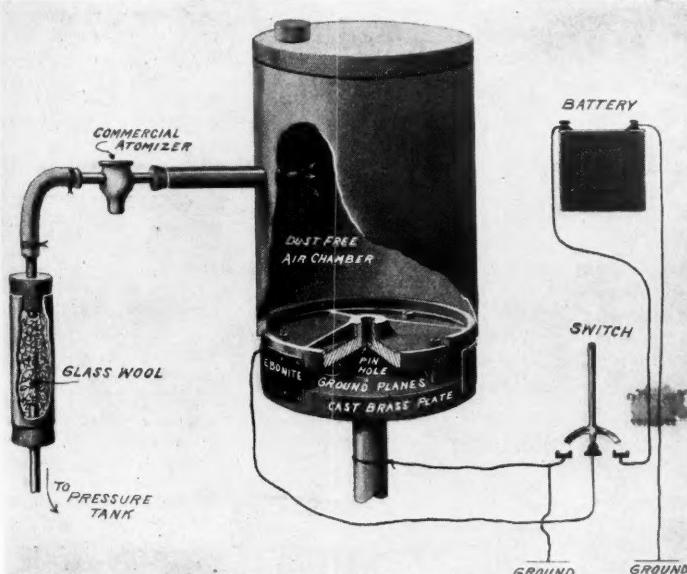
"By this process free gaseous ions of either sign have been captured at will, either singly or in multiples, and their magnitude has been so carefully measured, under conditions so free from assumptions, that the size of the electrical atom, the smallest quantity of electricity now attainable, is known probably to within one part in 500 of its actual value.

"Numerically this value is the absolute electrostatic unit multiplied by 4.891×10^{-10} , a quantity incomprehensibly small. . . . Its definite isolation and exact measurement stand forth as one of the cleverest, as it is also one of the most important achievements of modern physics."



PROF. R. A. MILLIKAN.

Whose isolation of the ion is "one of the most important achievements of modern physics."



Illustrations from "The Scientific American."

PROFESSOR MILLIKAN'S APPARATUS.

By which he has isolated an ion and measured its charge.

THE COST OF AVIATION—Atwood, the aviator, reports that his expenses on his recent record-breaking flight from St. Louis to New York averaged \$900 a day. At this rate aviation will hardly become a popular form of travel. But there is another side to the story: no one, so far as can be ascertained, has yet attempted to fly cheaply. Says *The Scientific American*:

"There is every reason to believe that so long as men like Atwood, Beaumont, Vedrines, and other present-day champions of the air, race for purses that hold thousands of dollars, no attention will be paid to reduction of operating-costs. When the public has wearied of aviation meets (and there is evidence that in Europe at least the cross-country flight has completely displaced performances in an enclosure for the benefit of thousands in the grand stand and on the field), when newspapers have extracted all the notoriety they can by offering huge sums for successful flights, the engineer will step in and provide us with machines and engines that will transport us through the air at a cost no greater than that of a present-day automobile tour. So long as \$900 a day is the cost of a flight from Chicago to New York, so long will the aeroplane be the exclusive property of aerial performers with itching palms."



LETTERS AND ART



ACTORS EXTINGUISHED BY SCENERY

WHEN THE STAGING of Shakespeare becomes so magnificent and gorgeous that actors, plot, and everything else suffer in comparison, isn't it time to pause? A certain party of the dramatic writers think so. Wondrous stage effects that set the audience reckoning the probable expense must take the mind from Shakespeare's immortal lines.



"MACBETH" ACCORDING TO TREE.

From a drawing by Haviland in *The Illustrated London News*.

Mr. Gordon Craig, for example, believes the stage setting should inspire in the audience a mood that the actor, in turn, will complete and define. When actor and scenery are engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict, each trying to gain the eye of the audience away from the other, there is not that sweet harmony of dramatic movement that Shakespeare himself would quite likely have wished. Yet the glittering and garish style of staging has its distinguished friends, and no less an actor than Sir Herbert Tree is producing "Macbeth" in London with a stage setting of his usual magnificence. And as [if to emphasize the dispute between the two schools of thought, by a striking coincidence Mr. Craig holds an exhibition of his designs for the scenery of the self-same play at a leading London gallery. The coincidence is not a chance one, however, for it is well known that Mr. Craig was originally engaged to mount Sir Herbert's play. So while the public go to His Majesty's Theater to see how "Macbeth" is done, they may also go to the Leicester gallery to see how it might be done—better, say some. The London *Times* comes vigorously to the support of the Craig methods. Arguing from his premises, "one may take it as an axiom that any stage scene which satisfies the eye without the actors will distract both eye and mind when the actors are present," it observes, and goes on:

"This is the axiom upon which Mr. Craig's designs are based; but it is ignored in nearly all theaters, especially in poetic drama. The result is, not only that managers waste a great deal of money, but also that they often frustrate the design of the playwright. In the case of Shakespeare, for instance, this happens so constantly that most of our playgoers are not even aware that

his plays have a peculiar design of their own. It is commonly supposed that he took more liberties than modern playwrights because he lacked their stagecraft; and so managers do their best to refashion his plays for him.

"But Shakespeare's method of representation is essentially different from the modern method. He does not aim at continuity of action, because he could not by that means produce the effect he wishes to produce. The modern playwright, at his best, isolates a piece of life and presents the whole of it. That is the method of Ibsen. Shakespeare seems rather to throw a searchlight, now here, now there, upon the most intense moments of a much larger piece of life, and enables us by means of these swift glimpses to grasp the meaning of the whole. It is the method of Tolstoy in his novels; and both are able to practise it only because they can make their characters live and act the moment they appear. But unless Shakespeare's plays are presented both swiftly and discontinuously, his design is spoiled; and the aim of the scenery, so far as it is used in his plays, should be to insist upon the discontinuity of the action, not to force an unnatural continuity upon it."

This means of course "that all the scenery in his plays should be very simple, so that, even when it is not changed with the change of events, the attention of the audience may be fixt upon the change rather than upon the permanence of the scenery." Furthermore:

"All that is needed of the scenery is that it should harmonize with the mood of the scene, which it is the business of the actors to express. This harmony is often difficult, because Shakespeare wrote for a stage without scenery; but the difficulty can best be overcome where the scenery is designed so that a very small change in it will express a change of mood; and this is only possible where it is of plastic material and so disposed that changes in the lighting alter its whole effect. In fact, it should be passive rather than active; and Mr. Craig's aim is to design passive scenery that will leave the actors free to produce their illusion. His principles are peculiarly applicable to Shakespeare's plays; but they should also be applied to all plays that have any dramatic value. For it is always the actor's business to produce illusion, and the first function of scenery is merely to shut out any obstacles to that illusion. To a modern audience, used to scenery, a perfectly plain stage is an obstacle to illusion. It makes them ask where the actors are, and does not suggest any kind of world in which they could conceivably live and have their being. The proper aim of scenery is to suggest such a world as unobtrusively as possible. It must not be incongruous with the life and character of the persons in the play. It must not be squalid where those persons are supposed to be wealthy and luxurious; but even in that case it should not set the audience wondering how much money has been spent upon it.

"However realistic a play may be, its illusion ought to be produced by action and speech, not by scenery; for the more complete the material illusion of surroundings the more difficult it is for the actors to play up to it."

How two critics may argue to opposite conclusions from the same premise is seen in this and the article in *The Morning Post*



GORDON CRAIG.

Who believes that the scenery of the stage should harmonize with the mood of the scene, which it is the business of the actors to express.

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(London). The writer of the latter thinks Mr. Craig is inspired by Maeterlinck rather than by Shakespeare, and suggests that "it is a disputable point if Shakespeare would not have welcomed the elaborate mechanism and the spectacular ingenuity of modern productions."

BAITING THE JEWS IN FICTION

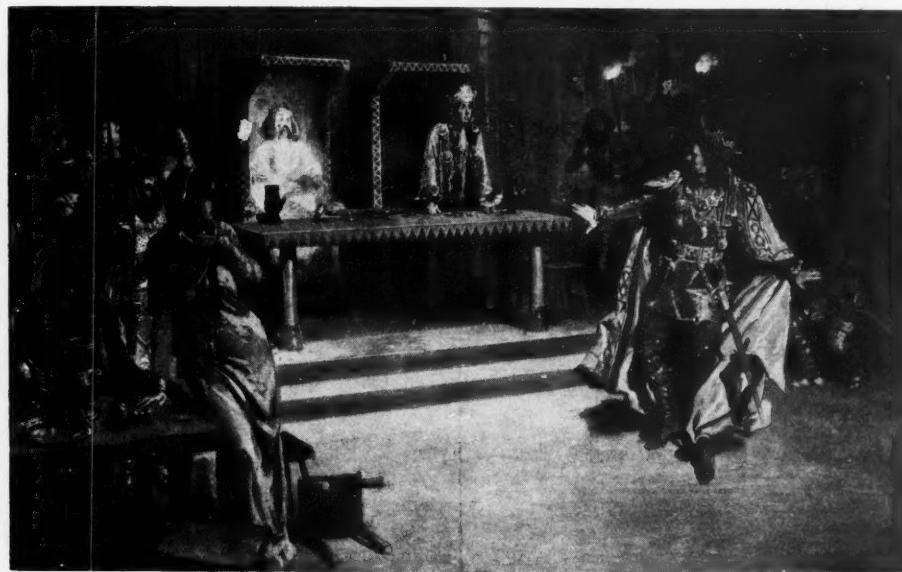
A COMPLAINT is made that modern fiction, when it deals with Jews at all, adds to the prejudice already existing against this race. Mr. Joseph Jacobs points out that our fiction writers, "when they introduce a minor character who is to do some mean or shabby trick or display the weaknesses of a newly rich, proceed to 'christen' this personage by a name which, in the ears of the reader, will suggest a Jewish origin." Mr. Jacobs voices his complaint in *The American Hebrew* (New York), of which he is the editor, pursuing the point thus further:

"If there is a person introduced who is to reveal a secret or to spread a scandal or to push himself where he is not wanted, the writer will not say straight out that he is a Jew, but will entitle him by some name as *Julius Bernstein*, *Abraham Gordon*, *Simon Woggleheimer*, or the like. The reader catches the suggestion of the author, is pleased at his own cleverness in finding that the personage is a Jew without being told it, is flattered by the confirmation of his prejudice about his own superiority to such a person, and thus the author has made a point and is tempted to make similar points in the future. All this may seem unimportant and it might appear to imply unnecessary sensitiveness to call attention to it. But as one knows, half or more than half of the Jewish troubles of the world are due to prejudice, which prevents the Jew from getting a fair hearing or fair treatment from the very start. Now this practise of the novelist tends to keep up prejudice much more subtly and much more effectively than any direct attack which can be met and which almost invariably arouses a certain defensive attitude even in the mind of a Gentile reader. But here we have a novelist implying, with all his alluring appeal to the imagination, that it is only natural and appropriate that any mean, shabby, or underhand action or trick should be performed by a Jew. This is much more effective with common minds than any mere statement of a general proposition to that effect.

"It might seem that I was making too much fuss over a matter which, if objectionable, is yet unlikely to do much harm. But this is not so. It is by the integration of these small impressions that the power of public opinion becomes great in volume. By force of iteration the association of Jewdom with meanness becomes practically automatic. Even if the association were founded on fact it is difficult to see what good object could be performed by 'rubbing it in.' It is not likely to cure the Jew of his failing and it is certain to confirm the Gentile in his prejudice. But novelists, who are, by profession, keen judges of character, would probably be the first to own that such traces of ignobility among Jews are not due to their Jewishness, but to the simple fact that they are mainly of the mercantile classes, whose whole tone of thought is colored by the haggling of the market. It is thus a distinct injustice to brand the minor faults of mercantilism with a Jewish name."

Mr. Jacobs, before printing his essay, sent it to a number of

well-known writers and asked their opinion as to its justice. Bliss Carman, Thomas Nelson Page, Robert Hitchens, William De Morgan, and some others deprecate such prejudice if it exists. Mr. W. J. Locke and Mr. John Galsworthy answer in another vein. The latter declares he has never "drawn the portrait of a Jew, good, bad, or indifferent," while the former confesses to a Jewish money-lender, introduced "for sheer necessity of plot," who was shown "vulgar and unpleasant"—tho not ungenerous. Both these men speak of being unable to understand the Jewish people, owing to a difference in blood. Mr. Jacobs retorts elsewhere in his journal that there are no mysteries of race peculiar to the Jew. All the other authors, whether guilty or innocent of Mr. Jacob's matter of offense, evade any defensive refer-



THE GHOST OF BANQUO AT MACBETH'S FEAST.

From a drawing by F. Matania, in the London *Sphere*.

As Mr. Tree produces the scene, evidently believing with a critic that Shakespeare would have "welcomed the elaborate mechanism and spectacular ingenuity of modern productions."

ence—all except Mr. Zangwill, who Mr. Jacobs thinks misses the point in his effort to "exhibit his impartiality." This is his letter:

"I beg to say that if Jews are mainly of the mercantile classes, and if the faults under discussion are those of the mercantile classes, then on your own showing there is some ground for the average novelist using the Jew as a type of those failings. The composite photograph of the Jew would be preponderantly mercantile.

"Your question as to what good object could be performed—if the accusation were true—by 'rubbing it in' seems to me, if you will pardon me, peculiarly inept. The painter of manners is not aiming directly at philanthropy. Of course, an accurate painter would also note the existence of fine Jewish types, even among the mercantile classes, but then he would also portray types still more dishonorable than we are normally debited with.

"In fact, nothing could be better for some even of our leading men than an 'assimilation' to the standard of honor of the feudal classes.

"That this constant nagging at the Jew must end in riots as in Wales is of course obvious, but then it is for the Jew—as well as the novelist—to set his house in order."

Jack London pleads not guilty, but also pleads the privileges of fiction. Thus:

"I have made villains, scoundrels, weaklings, and degenerates of Cockneys, Scotchmen, Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen and Irish, and I don't know what other nationalities. I have no recollection of having made a Jew serve a mean fictional function. But I see no reason why I should not, if the need and the setting of my story demanded it. I can not reconcile myself

to the attitude that in humor and fiction the Jew should be a favored race, and therefore be passed over, or used only for his exalted qualities.

"I have myself, not as an American, but personally and with the name so little different from mine that it was not even a thin disguise, been exploited before Jewish audiences in the most despicable of characters. The only sensation I experienced was regret at not being able to present to enjoy the fun.

"Finally, I am a terrific admirer of the Jews; I have consorted more with Jews than with any other nationality; I have among the Jews some of my finest and noblest friends; and, being a Socialist, I subscribe to the Brotherhood of Man. In this connection, let me add that it is as unfair for a writer to make villains of all races except the Jews, as it is to make villains only of Jews. To ignore the Jew in the matter of villainy is so invidious an exception as to be unfair to the Jews."

SAVING TIME OVER THE SPELLING-BOOK

SPELLING REFORM gains ground slowly in the land of the mother tongue. One of London's leading dailies is willing to admit that not "scholars of the highest class" but only "shallow pretenders to scholarship" lay weight upon the "etymological argument." By the same token this paper is willing to defend the simplification of "apothegm" to "apothem." In



A "CRAIGISCHE" SCENE FOR "MACBETH."

Designed as a background for the lines "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow—to the last syllable of recorded time have lighted fools their way to dusky death."

this particular case, it writes, "the scholar can not fail to recognize the provenance of the word and the semieducated are in no worse case than before." Mr. William Archer, who stands as chief advocate for the reform in England, thinks this admission "strikes at the root of the etymological argument," and he welcomes the support from this source. He does not, however, find *The Standard* equally sound when it expresses doubt "whether the young, unless exceptionally dull, find spelling a great stumbling-block." This hesitation indicates that the newspaper in question is open to conviction. But its mind seems closed on another point indicated in the remark that "the woes of the intelligent foreigner may well be disregarded." Mr. Archer sets about enlightening the mind of *The Standard* on both these points:

"It is true that the average child of the educated classes usually gets through his spelling troubles at so early an age that

he has little recollection of them in after life; but it does not follow that even he has not wasted much time and mental energy on the wholly uneducative memorizing of needless rules and bewildering exceptions. But it is not true that only the 'exceptionally dull' find spelling an insuperable difficulty. Very bright children often display a congenital inability to spell. It has nothing to do with general capacity, but merely shows the lack of a particular sort of visual memory. And if the children of the educated classes, brought up among books, often pick up their spelling with tolerable ease, this is not true of the children of uneducated and unbookish people. Spelling is to them an extremely serious stumbling-block.

"Educators who have studied the question in practise form various estimates of the average loss of time involved in the teaching of our incoherent spelling; but I do not think any authority places it at less than a year. Surely the proposal to economize on the average a whole year of the school-time of all coming generations of English-speaking people is not one to be lightly dismissed with a few pleasantries.

"As for your light-hearted readiness to 'disregard the woes' of the foreigner, I shall not inquire into its ethical merits, but merely remind you of the proverbial impolicy of 'cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.' Our plea for the foreigner is not altruistic, but egoistic. Our spelling is most unquestionably the one great obstacle to the spread of English as the universal medium of intercommunication; and what an advantage that would give to all English speakers! A rationally spelt English would be a ready-made Esperanto; but if we delay too long in rationalizing our spelling, Esperanto (possibly in a simplified form) will get such a start of us that we shall never overtake it."

The Standard in its editorial comments that drew Mr. Archer's fire had advocated the true English virtue of "slowly broadening down" its reformed spelling in the same manner Tennyson had supposed it cultivated its freedom. "If phonetic reformers confined their ambitions to 'what can be realized without much violence, they would probably effect more,' this journal observes. To which Mr. Archer replies:

"Read in a certain sense, this is very true; but I doubt whether the true sense is the one you had in mind. It seems to me certain (I speak entirely for myself) that, in substituting a rational order for the chaos of our current notation, we ought to do no more 'violence' to established habit than is absolutely necessary for the attainment of that end. But this, I imagine, was not your point. You counseled a gradual change, now of this word or group of words, now of that, which might pass without any great disturbance of popular prejudice. There I venture to differ, on two grounds. In the first place, these very gradual changes are of no practical value. They upset established habit without effecting any sensible economy of time and labor. In the second place, we find by experiment on this side of the Atlantic (the case is not quite the same on the other side) that the smallest changes, however inconspicuous and however reasonable, excite just as violent antagonism as the most radical reforms. The average educated man would as soon give up Gibraltar as abandon the 'me' in 'programme.' After some experience in working for reform, I am convinced that we shall make no way until we can put forth a scheme of systematic simplification which shall so clearly minimize the labor of learning for countless generations of children that it will be mere inhumanity to oppose it to the mental inertia of one adult generation. We are constantly faced with the demand for such a scheme—a perfectly reasonable demand. When we are in a position to supply it (as I trust we soon shall be), I believe that you, sir, will be the first to realize that so beneficent and far-reaching a reform has nothing whatever to do with 'enabling German waiters to misuse our tongue with more ease.'"

HOW TO BEGIN A STORY—If you are going to write a short-story, begin at the beginning "to agitate." Agitate in any direction, provided only there is "something doing" in each paragraph. This is the secret of "action," which is not at all the same thing as "movement" we are told, and our magazine editors want action or they will have none of your story. *The Evening Post* (New York) enlightens us further:

"From the beginning that is the secret of short-story writing to-day. You must start at the crack of the pistol, not necessarily to tell your story, but to seize the reader's attention. You may

do so with a laugh, or an epigram, or a flaring bit of headline matter, but the trick must be done at once. It is the secret of the 'lead' which has been imported from the newspapers into the magazines, a secret of which Maupassant knew nothing and of which the foreign writers to-day know very little."

Maupassant's method "strikes most of us as stale," says *The Post*, and bears "the hall-marks of the hopeless amateur." O. Henry's openings, on the contrary, were "wild, antic, irresponsible, irrelevant," and "were frankly intended just to put the reader into good humor." We welcome slang because it has a "kick" in it:

"A 'kick' in every sentence is what the successful short-story of to-day demands, no matter if it takes an hour of kicking to get to a point that might be attained in a half-hour of quiet going."

BERNHARDT IN MOVING PICTURES

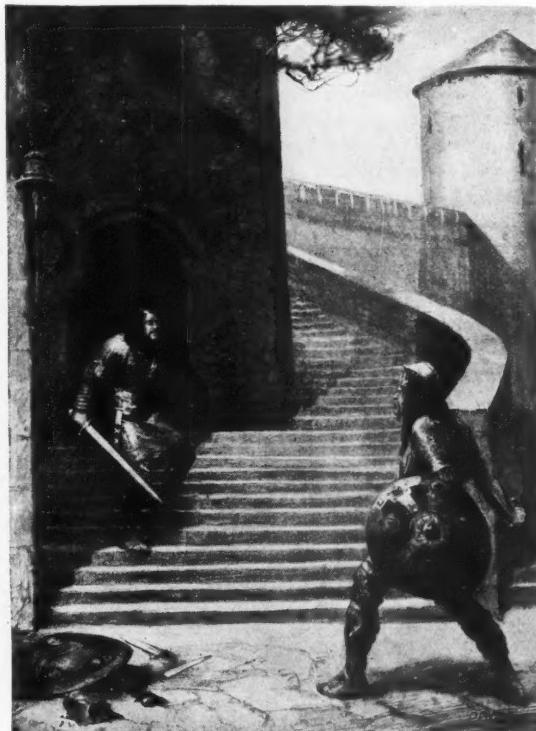
PEOPLE who disapprove of great actors and actresses leaving the "legitimate" stage for vaudeville call it "degrading" their art; those who approve call it "democratizing" it. Sara Bernhardt, as if to add one more proof of her greatness, has taken even "the second step down," if you choose the expression, and appeared before the moving-picture camera. She gave one of her greatest rôles, *Marguerite Gautier*, in "La Dame aux Camélias," in a special adaptation for this purpose. To make the "records" more realistic she is said to have recited all the words of the play, and not resorted to dumb show alone. Whole realms of possibilities are opened up by this innovation, the Cincinnati *News* pointing out some of them:

"Vowing that she would ne'er consent, Mme. Sara Bernhardt has at last consented to present her art to the masses through the medium of moving pictures.

"Regardless of what may have been the influence that caused her to change her mind, the fact that she did change it and has already played *Camille* before the kinetoscopic lens must be regarded as an event of the first importance in the theatrical world. With Bernhardt playing for the moving-picture films, other stage people, however high their degree, can no longer feel that there

is anything degrading or humiliating in this method of seeking and securing audiences.

"The immediate effect should be to raise the standard of the cinematographic productions. As audiences become accustomed to seeing on the screens portrayals of well-known plays by



MACBETH'S ENCOUNTER WITH MACDUFF.

From a drawing by S. E. Scott in *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Tree's scene here shows obvious influences of Mr. Craig.

players of acknowledged ability they will have less interest in the cheap and tawdry. It is an experiment that opens out wide possibilities.

"Furthermore, it is a progressive step that will perpetuate dramatic art as it never has been or could be perpetuated before. To us the great stage names of the past are only names. To posterity Bernhardt will be almost as flesh and blood. They will know that she was a great actress, not simply because she is now acclaimed as such, but because their own eyes will tell them so.

"New uses for the moving-picture machine are being found every day. Not all of them are good uses, unfortunately, but it is encouraging to know that most of the men who have invested money in this great and rapidly growing industry are fully alive to the importance of creating and maintaining higher ideals than prevailed when the invention was yet very young."

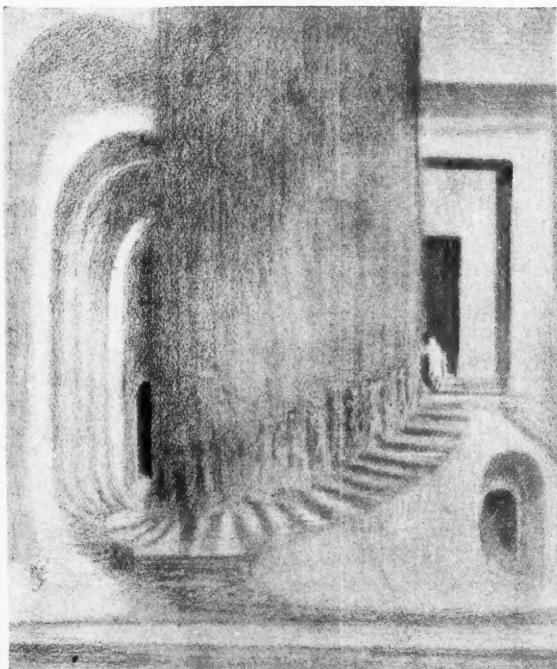
Why should not other actors avail themselves of this medium of expression? asks the *Augusta Chronicle*. Going on:

"In a recent article on writing plays, Brander Matthews, perhaps the best-informed man on the academic drama in America, stated that the main thing is action. He concurred in a previously express statement that an intelligent mute could follow the story of *Hamlet* if produced in pantomime.

"The words of a play are the least important part: it is the theme and the manner of handling which, in nearly every case, is conveyed to the audience more by actions than by spoken lines.

"With the best players acting in pantomime, and thus staging the best of the drama for popular consumption, an awakened imaginative interest in the artistic side of the theater will be the result. People will come to depend less upon words in the play, to supply to which their imagination should afford them."

"Besides, when Bernhardt acts for the camera her work will become immortal. What would we give to-day for graphophone and cinematograph records of the acting of Garrick or Peg Woffington? Only ghostly descriptions of them remain; when they left the stage all of them except mental impressions disappeared."



THE STAIRCASE SCENE IN "MACBETH."

This scene is now in the London exhibition of Mr. Craig's designs for this play. Down the staircase troop the attendants of Duncan after the alarm following his murder.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

THE USE OF MISSIONARY MONEYS

THE SAD LOT of the home preacher in comparison with that of the foreign missionary was recently portrayed in *Hampton's Magazine*. A vivid picture was drawn of the harassed minister and his wife, struggling to make both ends meet on the basis of a salary which was often delayed and sometimes never paid in full. The deacon or elder who countenanced such a condition arrived in his motor at the minister's door to remind him about urging the claims of foreign missions at the next Sunday's service. The sleek and unworried missionary is pictured in his foreign field never harassed about the payment of his stipend. A spokesman for the missionary board of the Methodist Episcopal Church is the first we have seen to take up cudgels on the other side. "A more reckless writer has rarely appeared" than the author of this article, Dr. Thomas E. Green, says the editor of *The Christian Advocate* (New York), who pauses to add that it is "astonishing how often prejudice or prepossession in a 'reckless writer' brings his statements into complete union with those of a person who intends to deceive." The writer in *Hampton's* presents the case of a Methodist minister living on a salary of \$800 in cash, and a house rent of \$200, and makes this comparison with his brother in India or China:

"In the foreign field he would have been paid at least \$1,500, and he would have received it with clockwork regularity. Moreover, the purchasing power of \$1,500 in American gold is so much greater in foreign lands than in the United States that the missionary finds his income almost three times as large as the figures indicate."

The editor of *The Christian Advocate* replies:

"Had he cared to ascertain the truth he would have found that such a statement is not only misleading, but false.

"Taking salaries in China, India, and Japan, his 'fifteen hundred dollars at least' is in fact this:

"In Central China, Fuchau, Hinghwa, and West China married missionaries for the first five years receive annually \$1,050. To missionaries in North China for the same length of time \$1,200 a year is allowed.

"In the next ten years missionaries in North China, where living is more expensive, receive \$1,300, and those in other parts of China receive \$1,100. After he has been in the work between fifteen and twenty-five years, each married missionary receives \$1,200, except those in North China, who have \$1,400. Not until after twenty-five years of service will those in North China receive \$1,500, while those in other parts of China receive only \$1,300. Children under fourteen, and dependent children of any age less than twenty-one, are allowed about \$2 per week.

"Single men receive \$700 a year for the first five years; the next ten years they receive \$750.

"Since it is more expensive to live in India a missionary there receives a little more than in China; \$1,100 per annum for the first five years; \$1,200 for the next ten; and \$1,300 after the next ten years.

"In Burma the salaries never rise above \$1,300. Single persons have about the same as those in China.

"In East Japan and West Japan, the cost of living being much higher, married missionaries are allowed \$1,400 a year, and single men \$800."

The writer in *Hampton's* declares that the missionary's wife is "frequently" paid a salary in addition to her husband's, adding: "The Missionary Board does not ask the missionary's wife to perform the unpaid services expected [in the United States] of the parson's hard-worked, unappreciated partner." Dr. Buckley retorts that "this is false." For:

"No wife of a missionary is paid any salary in any of these countries, except in South America, where the Methodist Episcopal Church has many schools, and the missionary's wife is able to teach. Even then the missionary has only the salary of

a single man, and the missionary's wife has only the salary of a single woman!"

The point next debated concerns "the large sums of money contributed to the missionary cause." The writer in *Hampton's* declares:

"Of course, only a small part of the money will reach the thousand million heathens for whose conversion it is spent, altho the fund will be administered with the most religious honesty, and with no little ability into the bargain. It has always been an item in the budget of the Missionary Board that it took one dollar to make a dollar efficient in the field."

Dr. Buckley follows up:

"He says that actually the cost of missions is greater than that, and elaborates his statement thus: 'At least a missionary whom I met last year in Japan, on his way home on furlough, after eight years' work in India, told me that every dollar that came into actual practical use in his work had cost the Foreign Missionary Society three dollars and seventy-five cents to put it there.'

"The writer does not give the denomination of this missionary nor of the missionary society under whose auspices he worked. As slaves to alcohol will drink every beverage mix with it, so a man who loves to startle a reader or hearer accepts all overlarge statements which will help him. The more exaggerated they are, the more greedily they are absorbed.

"The foregoing is a colossal error. The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church received in the year ending October 31, 1910, \$1,519,123.95. Of every dollar received the distribution was as follows:

	EXPENSES OF COLLECTION	Per cent.
Publication fund	2.6	
Young People's Work	0.5	
Salaries and expenses of Field Secretaries	1.1	
Conference visitation	0.1	
Interest	0.5	
Laymen's Missionary Movement and expenses of the Immediate Advance Movement	0.8	
Total	5.6	

	EXPENSES OF ADMINISTRATION	Per cent.
Salaries of Office Secretaries and Traveling of Secretaries, Treasurer, and others	1.0	
Office expenses	1.0	
General Committee expenses	0.2	
Rent, postage, printing, etc.	0.4	
Total	2.6	

"LEAVING FOR MISSIONS AND SURPLUS 91.8 PER CENT. Surplus is the money left over after paying expenses and fulfilling the promises made to the missions.

"Thus any one can see that out of every dollar received a little more than ninety cents reaches the missions. On account of ignorance Dr. Green, unwittingly, let us hope, has slandered great and beneficent institutions."

CAN SOCIAL WRECKAGE BE PREVENTED?—Out of 1,400 children in a certain Chicago institution for the feeble-minded, 1,000 of them came there because of "the vice disease." So reports Mr. Arthur B. Farwell, president of the Chicago Law and Order League. *The Western Christian Advocate* (Chicago), which calls these facts "shocking in their awful significance," goes on to give others of a cognate character that make their appeal economically even when the purely humanitarian consideration is allowed to sink out of sight. We read:

"Twenty-five out of every one hundred men who went to the insane asylums of Illinois were there because of paresis, and the foundation of paresis was the same thing. Mr. Farwell adds that the State of Illinois has appropriated for the care of the insane and feeble-minded about \$9,000,000 for the next two years. He asks, 'Would it not be good policy for the State of Illinois and the city of Chicago to prevent wrecks as well as to take care of the unfortunate?'

"The presentation of these startling and horrifying figures

ought to make every right-minded citizen and earnest Christian arouse himself to an indignant activity in antagonism to the depredations of licensed licentiousness."

DANGEROUS SYMPATHY FOR EUTHANASIA

ACASE WHERE euthanasia was administered by people not professionally constituted as nurses or doctors has brought into discussion the question of the moral right to give a person an easy and painless death. Two Shakers at Kissimmee, Fla., gave chloroform to a sister who was dying, so they aver, from tuberculosis. They were put under arrest but released on bail until November, when their case will come before the Grand Jury. It is, however, reported that a post-mortem revealed the fact that consumption was not so far advanced as the first report indicated, and that with care she might have lived years. Another light is thus shed on the act of the indicted Shakers. They are said to have the sympathy of the people of their locality. The case is described in a letter from the woman who is under indictment to a friend in another Shaker colony, which we quote from the *New York Times*:

"You have probably seen in the papers that Elder Egbert and myself were arrested for giving quieting medicine to our Sister Sadie during the last three days of her life.

"Whatever was done was to alleviate her sufferings and to make it easy for her to pass out of the body without severe pain—not to take life. As Elder E. had cared for her so much he felt great sympathy for her, desiring to make it easy to the last, but made the mistake of giving her chloroform himself instead of getting a physician to do so.

"Since the occurrence we have been told doctors and nurses are doing these same things constantly, but they have the authority, which we have not. We all regret the step, but it can not be undone.

"Now we can only depend on the good spirits to help us through, as they have done in other cases. We are almost certain that somebody complained to the officers of the law, for no one knew anything about it out of the house.

"The first Saturday evening after the death the judge and sheriff came and questioned us, and we thought that was the end of it. Elder E. and I were arrested and kept in jail two days, when the judge said we could be released on bail until November 2, when the case would be tried by the Grand Jury."

The Watchman (Boston) prints the following comment upon the case after observing that the judge before whom the prisoners were brought "did the unprecedented thing of admitting them to bail in small amounts":

"These people are of high moral character, and did what they believed to be the right and most merciful course in relieving of her great sufferings a friend who was apparently certain to die soon, and who was in extreme agony. It is impossible to suspect them of any wrong motives. Yet the case raises anew the whole question of euthanasia, or assisting a person to an easy, happy death. The problem has been earnestly and sharply discussed from the earliest Greek philosophers to the present time. Some of the wisest and most exalted characters of human history have favored it. If all cases were certain to be like that in Florida in all their conditions and actors, there would probably not be so much opposition to euthanasia. But the difficulty is, we can not be sure that all cases will be just like that. You can not always be certain that a person who is very sick and apparently in mortal agony, will die. Extreme unction is carefully delayed by the rules of the Roman Catholic Church until it appears absolutely certain that the person is on the point of death. Yet there are those to whom extreme unction has been administered who have recovered health and strength. This inevitable uncertainty makes it inadvisable for any one to take the responsibility of hastening a person's death. Even suicide in such cases has not been considered proper. But there is another and still stronger reason against hastening death: and that is that if such a practise should be permitted, it would surely be abused. Persons who desired the death of others could easily arrange for the excuse of euthanasia, and under it, if sanctioned by law and public opinion, foul and cruel murders would certainly be done."

IS DIVORCE "MORAL ENOUGH"?

ONE ATTITUDE of "many well-meaning Americans" toward divorce is express by a Catholic writer as that of "morality by agreement." People who see nothing immoral in divorce, he says, fall back on the fact that it is the law of the land, and argue that therefore it must be legitimate. All should enjoy the privilege, they assume, "and those who object to it are unreasoning reactionaries who by habit and conviction oppose all progress." This writer, the Rev. William P. Cantwell, reminds "those who argue thus and suit their lives to their argument," that "for centuries all Christianity opposed divorce as immoral." Even "under paganism divorce was unknown for ages till the luxury, engendered by conquest, had tainted the hearts and poisoned the lives of the Romans." Writing in *The Monitor* (San Francisco) Mr. Cantwell faces "the easy-going attitude of the American people on divorce by asking a few pertinent questions which lie within the territory not yet entirely yielded up even by those who seem to accept divorce as moral enough." He continues:

"And first, are the American people sincerely in earnest in accepting divorce as moral? Away down in their hearts are there not misgivings about its morality? In their sober moments are they not prepared to admit to themselves that after all the Catholic position toward divorce accords best with their honest convictions and their true conscience? Do they not realize that increasing divorce is only weakly feeding the vilest passions of the human heart? Is it not almost with a shiver of fear and responsibility that they look upon the grinding wheels of the divorce court? Do they not know from their own experiences of life that the stirring of discontent in the breasts of the married pair is fanned by the possibility of a separation? Is it not against their common sense, nay, their sense of decency, that a contract so important should be juggled at the end of every law that conscienceless legislators may forge? Have we not entered a veritable débâcle of divorce, and what honest American looks at the future without serious misgivings? What is the cry for a uniform divorce law but the echo of this fear which is seizing conscientious and patriotic Americans? How gladly they would retracing many of the steps already taken on the way to ruin!

"It is our conviction that, with all their luxury and bravado, the American people are stewing in remorse. The national conscience is stinging hard. Divorce is not moral, simply because it is legal.

"We take it that the American people have agreed that divorce is moral. This is their virtual justification for their position on divorce.

"But is morality by agreement possible? Is an act moral, simply because a people in their mad desire and passion ordain that it is moral?

"Can men close their eyes to the great Lawgiver and manufacture their own morality? Will our conceited age go as far as this? Will human legislation set the final standard and limits of morals? May all morality be determined by an act of the legislature? Are the Ten Commandments valid only when approved by human legislation, and only so far as approved?

"All these presumptions lie behind the idea of morality by agreement—lie behind divorce.

"We can imagine a condition of society in which the right of property dies away, juggled into non-existence by legislation. We can imagine the laws of commutative justice held in abeyance by the fiat of the legislator. We can imagine rapine and plunder rampant. And we can imagine grave Americans declaring that all the theft and robbery is moral because legal. It is morality by agreement. If a man may usurp another man's wife by divorce, why not his property by accepted confiscation?

"But we can scarcely imagine the American people so blind as to accept this condition of property which we have just pictured. We can scarcely imagine them facing such a future with equanimity.

"Morality by agreement is bound to eventuate in the immoralities and excesses which characterized the French Revolution.

"But we are not just ready for this yet in America. Our confidence in the American people leads us to believe that we may reform without the mad delirium of a bloody revolution.

"Already there are symptoms that the people desire to retrace their steps, at least to some distance, in this very question of divorce. Divorce illegal will become divorce immoral."

Protestantism is blamed by this writer for the rise and spread of the divorce evil. He writes:

"Divorce in the Christian era came in with Protestantism. It was the corrupt heart of a monk who had broken his vows, and married a nun who had broken hers, that first legitimized divorce. Pandering to power, courting the favor of princes, Luther allowed the Elector of Hesse to retain two wives, who took the precaution to suggest that the second should be held in secret.

"Society became inoculated with the evil and it did not take long for the uxorious Henry VIII. to accept the convenient teaching of the German monk.

"Then the doors were thrown wide open. But the morality of the Protestant people, intertwined as it was with many Christian principles, for a long while resisted the approach of divorce.

"The leaven is working through the whole mass only in our day. Gradually as the restraints of the old doctrine and the old discipline are falling off, the evil of divorce is creeping through society. The good old-fashioned folk among the Protestants still refuse to look upon divorce with favor; but the bulk of the people, feeling no authority over them, listening to the siren cheating their souls with the ancient fallacy that majorities make morals, are plunging into the divorce courts. Marriage has become a mockery. Often the ink is not dry on the divorce decree before a new marriage is entered."

THE SECOND STEP TOWARD CHURCH UNITY

THE SECOND mile-stone is being approached on the way to general church union. Nearly a year ago the General Conference of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at its triennial session in Cincinnati, appointed a joint commission to bring about a conference for the consideration of questions touching faith and order. Christian churches throughout the world were to be invited to join the commission in organizing and conducting the conference. The Committee on Scope and Plan adopted by the Commission has now published its report, and a record of preliminary steps is given. The summary of these steps is given by the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate* (Methodist Episcopal), from which we quote:

"Some leading Protestant communions have appointed commissions to act with the Joint Commission of the communion which initiated the movement, and others are taking steps to secure the appointment of commissions.

"The churches which have appointed commissions are the Congregational, Disciples of Christ, Presbyterian (North), Methodist Episcopal (South), Baptist (South), Moravian (Northern Province), Reformed (German), Evangelical Lutheran, Presbyterian (South), United Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, Northern Baptist Convention, Free Baptist, and Reformed (Dutch). The Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church appointed Bishops Walden, Moore, and Hamilton a committee to correspond with other bodies and gather information pending the meeting of the General Conference next May.

"The Committee on Plan and Scope further set forth the ultimate aim and purpose of the proposed Conference, and its immediate aim and scope. Under the former head it is declared that 'the work of the Conference is undertaken with the definite hope that it may prepare the way for the outward and visible reunion of all who confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Savior, and for the fulfilment of our Lord's prayer, "That they all may be one." Under the second head is the declaration: 'The Conference is for the definite purpose of considering those things in which we differ, in the hope that a better understanding of divergent views of Faith and Order will result in a deepened desire for reunion, and in official action on the part of the separated commissions themselves. It is the business of the Conference, not to take such official action, but to inspire it and to prepare the way for it.'

"The general plan of action is to secure the appointment of commissions or committees on the subject by Christian communions throughout the world, to be independent but co-operative; to arrange for joint meetings of such commissions as may be found convenient, and to constitute an executive body to make the final plans and arrangements for the World Conference.

"Meanwhile the prayers of all Christian people are asked for God's blessing upon this undertaking."

WHAT "SOCIAL SERVICE" OWES THE CHURCH

WORKERS for social betterment who go about "knocking" the Church are themselves handed a few knocks by *The Universalist Leader* (Boston), which recently devoted a whole number to the discussion of different aspects of social-service endeavor. "It is easy enough to attract attention and get into the press by knocking the Church," the journal observes, "but those who think that is the first step in a social service which is genuine and effective, are making a criminal mistake." As a matter of fact,

"The origin of the social-service idea was in the Church, the great majority of the workers in social service to-day got their training through the Church, and are being supported by the Church. And the statement that the Church and the ministers are antagonistic to social service is untrue; the statement that the churches to-day are working alone for individual salvation in the world to come, is unmitigated bosh.

"Because certain ministers are not on the stump, lashing out at other ministers, and excoriating certain interests which will never by any possibility hear a word they utter, because certain ministers recognize that humanity includes quite a number of respectable people, and that there are interests quite as valuable to the world in general, as the particular interest which occupies a small corner, it is not fair to claim that the minister is a bad number, a reactionary, for it must be known that while some have been doing a great deal of talking, these who are undivided criticism have been doing work. Specific instances are common, of those who are quietly and genuinely working for social service, actually doing the very things other people are talking about, and have been doing them for years. And when the enthusiast proceeds to wipe the Church off the face of the earth, he should seriously contemplate the fact that the Church furnishes the money and the recruits and the whole idealistic motive that is back of social service.

"As one of our contributors points out, the Church has been doing this work and is doing it to-day, and is the best friend that social service has. Why then should it be made the object of attack, and vilification, and misrepresentation? The real enemy we are to face is not our best friend the Church, but the insufferable conditions in politics, the wretched inequalities of opportunity, the detestable divorce situation, which is destroying the very foundation of social hope, the awful calamity of drink, the problem of undeserved poverty, the maddening cruelty of giant interests, the spread of the criminal press, which has become but a text-book of crime. These and others of a like nature are all sufficient to occupy our largest endeavor, and leave us no time or inclination to stick a knife into the heart of our best friend.

"It is not a surprising thing that the origin and development of Social Service have not differed greatly from the origin and development of every church or other institution of good. A great idea at once attracts opposition from conservatives, and also attracts those great minds whose vision is sufficient to grasp it, but, furthermore, it will attract every malevolent and discontented, the credulous and the thoughtless, from whom we soon pray to be delivered! In this new movement, whatever its nature, there are developed leaders, those who by their nature or talent move to the front, and also, naturally, followers, who are easily the tools of the masters.

"We are not all built alike, we are not all similarly situated, we can not all see from the same standpoint, we can not all work in the same place and the same way, but let it be understood that to-day the Christian Church and the Christian ministry are facing with unflinching courage the problems of this world's life; they are relating their faith to their works, their religion to life."


REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

NOVELS OF THE EARLY AUTUMN

Locke, William J. *The Glory of Clementina*. Illustrated by Arthur Keller. Pp. 368. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50 net.

The glory of Clementina was late in coming, but when it came it was with oriental splendor and opulence. A bitter disappointment and a tragic episode in her youth made her throw herself into the study of art, with a bitter absorption that produced a clever artist but a "queer" woman. How all the good in her came finally to the surface and caused her to make many people happy, is the story that Mr. Locke tells with quaint originality.

More interesting than Clementina, even or absorbing than Tommy and his love fair, is the character of Dr. Quixtus, round whom the other people revolve with contributory interest. A courteous, courtly, confiding gentleman, trusting every one ill, at last, he is betrayed by partner, wife, and friend, he finally resolves to avenge. His attempts at viciousness and justice are really matters of humor, the more so because they are always frustrated. Fuckaby," "Billiter," and "Vanderer" form a unique trio and as characters well depicted.

When Quixtus has almost fallen into the trap of the fair adventuress, Lena Fontaine, Clementina decides to take the center of stage. With the aid of all the beautiful clothes money can buy, and with her charms so long covered by affected manners," she produces a theatrical dénouement that every reader will enjoy, even though it is overdrawn. The threads of the story are finally all brought together in a satisfactory ending.

The book contains a mass of good material, with original characterization, and is written in a style piquant and clever.

Phillips, David Graham. *The Conflict*. Pp. 390. New York and London: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.30 net.

When Mr. Phillips died in that tragic and untimely way, early in the year, he had on hand several novels, his publishers tell us, all ready or nearly ready for publication. The really "last" story will not appear for some time to come.

There is nothing in the present novel to add luster to its author's reputation, although it is told with vigor and the easy technic of a prolific writer. The "Conflict" is political as well as amorous, and the contestants are from two separate camps, i.e., the so-called upper (moneyed) classes and the social reformers.

Its main strength lies on its masculine side: the representation of political machine corruption, the hypocritical posing of the capitalist, and the deputizing of all dirty work in order to leave the hands of the leaders clean.

The women do not seem real. They do whatever the development of the theme demands. They love and unlove with startling ease and frequency.

Between rich Jane Hastings and earnest little Selma Gordon the choice seemed obvious enough, and Victor Dorn, the brainy, sincere leader of the Socialists, should have "come down to earth" earlier.

The lover episodes are pretty enough after the popular vein. The things that are strong and worth while are the com-

ments on conditions which fit our own America to investigate tobacco culture, is lives and our future political conditions. The author defines a reformer as "the ordinary human variety of politician plus a more or less conscious hypocrisy."

Warner, Anne. *When Woman Proposes*. Pp. 158. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.25 net.

Not long ago the papers circulated a story that Miss Warner had found the American public unappreciative and, on that account, intended to betake herself to England. If she is content to feed her readers such mental pabulum as the present story, we shall not blame the public, even tho the love story be pretty and the book daintily bound and illustrated.

Every one loves a lover and, for that reason, Nathalie Arundel is a lovable heroine—she certainly loves well—but somehow, when, at nineteen, she sees a man at a reception and immediately announces that she "will marry that man," we are not immediately convinced.

In this case "Fate" has to knock down the poor hero at Nathalie's very door, and there he has to remain until the physician and nurses provided by her have patched up his poor head, but not his heart. When she finds that Captain Mowbray, an officer in the Tenth, will not marry because of his insufficient pay, and that he is much interested in a bill for increased salaries, which has been defeated, she turns the force of her young brain on the labor problem and, with the millions which he spurns, intimidates the government, and persuades the army and navy to go on strike. It is all most improbable and impossible. But she gets her man at last just as she said she would.

Davis, Richard Harding. *The Man Who Could not Lose*. Illustrated. Pp. 254. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Of the five short stories in the present collection only two ring with the real Davis power, "The Consul" and "The Lost House," and those two are distinctly different, each having its peculiar personal charm.

"The Consul" involves the reader's sympathies, touches his heart, and then gives him a startling and delightful surprise, a clever dénouement at the very last, but "The Lost House" relies on excitement from the very first. Its thrills and surprises chase each other with a mad melodramatic rush through its pages and hold you in breathless interest.

Throughout the stories we look in vain for the psychological penetration of Mr. Davis' earlier work, but he still writes a delightfully amusing narrative with an underlying sense of humor.

Kelly, Myra. *Her Little Young Ladyship*. Pp. 348. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The reader will bring to a perusal of this last novel by the lamented Myra Kelly a tenderness caused by her untimely death, and a memory of those charmingly sympathetic stories which she used to write of little East-side children, showing comprehension and appreciation of the foreigner's point of view.

The present story of the young Connecticut girl, Dorothy Forbes, who loves and marries an Irish earl, who has come to

clean, wholesome, and straightforward.

The American side has only ideal conditions, lovable and laughable characters, in whose depiction Miss Kelly found opportunity for imitable wit and humor, but when, after two years of continental travel, her little young ladyship accompanies her husband and son, "Pitty-Pat," to Glendale, the brooding, disease-ridden twin brother, John, introduces enough tragedy and dramatic episodes into the story to make the interest intense. It is a book with an atmosphere of real American home life and ideal family affection.

Calthrop, Dion Clayton. *Perpetua*. Pp. 315. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.30. Fixt. Price.

The spirit of studio life, Bohemian and irresponsible, is here the background for a romance that savors of witchery, fairy lore, and melodrama.

Perpetua, a little artist's model, is left, at the age of seven, entirely alone and decides to adopt Brian McCree as her "father." The big, good-natured Irish painter accepts her point of view, and from this situation is evolved a story of unusual events and characters.

Perpetua's childhood is irresistible, and so is she, if we do not demand too much plausibility in the narrative.

How she traveled abroad with Brian and the circus, her fondness for elephants in general and for "Maria Therese" in particular, and the tragedy that came into her life with the discovery of her own father, all are thrillingly related. It is a book of tender touches, curiously mingled with melodramatic methods and startling surprises.

Tennyson, Alfred. *A Portentous History*. Pp. 359. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.30 net.

It must be quite a responsibility to live up to such an inheritance as the name of Alfred Tennyson. This grandson of the famous poet has wisely chosen to hew out a style of his own. In this—his first—novel, he relates the life of the "great and famous giant," James MacDonald," in strong, rugged and direct prose.

From the very hour of his birth, our sympathies are with the ungainly "monstrous" child. It seems almost impossible that, in any community, every one's hand should be against the poor laddie, whose only fault was stupidity and extraordinary size. If the power of circumstantial evidence needed proof or illustration, Jim's life, as told by Mr. Tennyson, would be all-sufficient. The reader fairly aches to wake up the poor abused boy and regrets that he didn't "see red" often. The Scotch hamlet of his birthplace has a poor assortment of residents when every one—minister, doctor, teacher, and childish companions all—unite to persecute, malign, and abuse this one lad, who is conquered only by lies, vicious misrepresentation, and misunderstandings. We hope that in his life as the "famous giant," after he was discovered by the great circus promoter, Ambrose Mandeville, he may have found some human sympathy and some measure of happiness.

The Autobiography of a Woman Alone. New York and London: D. Appleton & Company. Pp. 376. \$1.25 net.

"This book is not a novel, but a record of the actual experiences of the woman

who is the narrator"—such is the note that prefaces this unusual book, which is written with convincing style and power. "Dorothy Baldwin" describes her own life from her earliest memories, her struggle for an education and livelihood, and she has the power to impress upon the reader her intense loneliness and longing, first for her sister "Alison," from whom she was separated when a child, later for the companionship and experiences of the women about her.

Without apparent egotism, she relates incidents that prove her attractive qualities and also betray the terrible struggle and temptations that beset a woman alone in New York; the danger of being misunderstood because of her defenseless position. The episodes of her life, and the transitory reign of "Philip, Paul, Billy, Jim, and Mr. Aylwardson," are startling and dramatic enough to excite and hold the interest of the reader, but her arguments are weak when she tries to justify the use of the "personal" column of the newspaper, and especially so in her discussion of the trial-marriage with Jim. She was fortunate that happiness came at last.

ADMIRAL CHADWICK'S NEW BOOK

Chadwick. French Esdor. *The Relations of the United States and Spain. The Spanish-American War.* 2 vols., pp. 412, 514. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.

Admiral Chadwick is well qualified to write of the Spanish-American War. He served under Admiral Sampson in the Atlantic squadron during that struggle, and is a naval scholar and student who knows well how to handle documents and statistics. He does not pretend to give a rhetorical account of the battles, by land and by sea, which resulted in snatching from Spain the fairest jewels in the crown of her remaining possessions. The picturesque style of Prescott, Motley, or Irving is not his model. Nor does the admiral write in a sentimentally patriotic vein, but aims at doing justice to both parties in the conflict. He tells us truly that his work "in the main is intended as a documentary history," and his documents are telling and sometimes briefly realistic in their effect on the mind. Such for instance is Captain Evans' account of his reception of Captain Eulate of the lost *Viscaya*.

"When Captain Eulate entered the cabin of the *Viscaya*, I offered him a cigar, a Key West, but the best I had. He accepted it courteously and stood looking at it, as he turned it in his hand; then he went down into the inside pocket of his drenched uniform coat and brought out a beautiful, but very wet, Havana cigar. He bowed and handed it to me with the remark, 'Captain, I left fifteen thousand aboard the *Viscaya*.'

The great merit of this work is the laborious detail of figures, names, and dates with which it is filled, and the tone of calm moderation with which the plain facts of the war are stated. It is in reality a continued gazette of the naval history of the United States at a period when for the first time they made proof of the capabilities of the new style of ship which came in with turrets and heavy artillery. It is therefore a record of America's remarkable success, and will prove of world-wide interest among naval nations. It may almost be looked upon as an appendix to the masterly treatises of Admiral Mahan. It places American seamanship and fighting-power in the first rank from a practical point of view, just as

Mahan's works have proved how thoroughly educated in naval warfare, from a theoretical and political standpoint, the highest type of American naval officers must be. We have called the work a gazette, because it records the movements of individual ships, the names of their commanders, their dispatches, and the messages which the admirals received from Washington throughout the war. It is a work which will be welcomed in every naval library and in every naval school throughout the world.

We quote, as a specimen of the author's style and methods, his remarks, which are pertinent and just, on the incapacity of the Spanish authorities at Madrid in their conduct of the war. Of their orders to Cervera, he writes:

"Nothing could show more clearly the incapacity of the Spanish authorities. To suggest that Cervera's squadron, blockaded already, as was well known to the Government, by Sampson's powerful force, should be ordered without provisions, without even enough coal to fill their bunkers, across the Atlantic and thence to the Philippines, to dispose of Admiral Dewey's squadron and return without loss of time to Cuba, is one of the most amazing propositions ever made by a minister of state. It illustrates painfully the want of practicality of the Spanish authorities, such as would not be believed were there not the plainest documentary evidence. But had Santiago been fortified, as was possible; had Cervera's ships escaped, as might then have been possible; had they returned to Spain and rearmed, as might have been possible, Spain would have had a fleet in being which would have deferred peace and might have saved to her the Philippines."

COOPERATIVE FARMING

Coulter, John Lee. *Cooperation Among Farmers. The Keystone of Rural Prosperity.* Cloth, 12mo, pp. 281. Illustrated. Sturgis & Walton Co. 75 cents net.

This, the latest issue in the admirable "Young Farmer's Practical Library," is a strikingly interesting and valuable contribution to the foremost phase of economic agriculture. Professor Coulter, who joins with a professorship at the University of Minnesota expert service for the United States Census, has made cooperation a special study and has himself put it into successful operation in many instances in the Northwest. His book, then, is not merely a theoretic exposition of the advantages of cooperation among farmers, but an account verified by the latest figures, of what has actually been done, and how it was done. It is an astonishing story—surprising not only in the amount of cooperative organization and work actually under way, but how readily the successes may be imitated. Warning his readers that not every sort of farm-product or all circumstances are suited to cooperative effort, Professor Coulter earnestly advises this method of doing farm-business, wherever circumstances favor, and brings out a surprising array of accomplished results in this country as well as abroad to back up his principles. He shows that to cooperation California owes the elevation of its vast fruit-export out of a condition of despair; and that the apple-growers and their fellows in the Columbia Valley owe their success to similar associative effort. So with the grain of the Northwest, the "truck" of the South, and the dairy products of the Mississippi Valley. Extremely interesting and suggestive, too, is the chapter on the "Co-

operative Management of City Markets," whose present condition and methods are severely and justly criticized. Cooperative stores receive attention, also, and the advisability of them is argued from numerous examples. On the whole the book is one which every farmer and business-man in the land ought to read and will find enjoyment as well as profit in reading.

HOW MEN TRAVELED THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Bates, E. S. *Touring in 1600. A Study in the Development of Travel as a Means of Education.* With illustrations from contemporary sources. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 418. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3 net.

Within a few years there have appeared beautiful and costly editions of the accounts of the "voyages" and travels of the old authors whose writings were previously entombed in the musty series of Hakluyt, or were forgotten on the shelves of libraries accessible to few. These books have found a good sale, yet not at all a "popular" one. It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Bates to summarize some of these treasures of knowledge in a single compendious volume which is within reach of the average reader and book-buyer. Such a compilation might easily have been very badly done, but the opposite is here the case. The whole story is so informed with literary intelligence and appreciation of humor, that an ill-disposed reviewer would find it hard to point out faults beyond the mild criticism that rather too many of the citations in foreign languages, especially old Italian and Spanish, have been left untranslated.

The labor involved in producing this history of medieval exploration and journeys may be gaged by Mr. Bates's assertion that he has drawn his material from 230 first-hand sources. He adds that this amount might be trebled if one had the time and money to search the old libraries. Moreover, these accounts are confined to Europe (with Turkey), none of over-seas voyagers being represented, by which the most humorous, perhaps, of all early chroniclers—Dampier—is lost to us; but there is a plenty left—Beatis, Blount, Brereton, Busbequ, Princess Cicely, Cellini, Coryat, Dallam, Della Valle, Evelyn, Lady Fanshaw, Guzman, Heutner, Lander, Lithgow, Montaigne, Maryson, Rohan, Sandys, Sobieski, Wotton, and many more.

The method saves monotony and adds strength of information as well as picturesqueness. First, we are told who they were that went abroad amid the dangers and difficulties of travel in the sixteenth century, and why. They fall into classes, such as wealthy men who were forced into exile because their native country needed money, religious pilgrims, merchants, ambassadors, well-born young men sent on the "grand tour" to complete their education, and the picaros or traveling adventurers. They already had the benefit of quaint guide-books, and Latin tracts of advice as to behavior, written by predecessors; but these were really of little service, and only those who were adaptable and full of resources ever got far, or, if they did, lived to return. What the Europe of that day was, especially in its relation to Italy as the source of the finest knowledge, is explained most interestingly in an early chapter. There were no safe or pleasant stopping-places for a traveler except at some

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baths—many long since abandoned. To the life and manners at these baths, one of the most entertaining chapters is given, to which Montaigne is a large contributor. Only the richest could have private bathing accommodation. Almost anybody jumped into the pool with all the rest—men, women, and children with little or nothing on, but there was uproarious fun whether they got any medical benefit or not. Nowhere, except in the largest cities—and not always there—were the inns even habitable, judged by modern ideas. Many had no beds at all—just a shelter, where guests were glad to be able to get even an armful of straw to ease the hardness of the stone floor. In many, all the beds were in one room; or if there were several rooms two persons were always supposed to sleep together—rich or poor, man or woman; and a certain rough etiquette was one's only protection.

All this is told with a keen sense of the strange, the adventurous, the ridiculous, and, while the reader is surprised by the wealth of novel facts, he is kept chuckling over the queer situations and the quaint way in which the adventurers themselves describe them. One might search a long time before finding anything of its kind so good.

HOW THEY LIVE

Clark, Susan Ainslie, and Wyatt, Edith. *Making Both Ends Meet. The Income and Outlay of New York Working Girls.* Cloth, 16mo, pp. 270. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

Here is a book about people in New York—but not the New York of the theater district, or the club district, or even of the "Tenderloin"; but of tens of thousands of women workers who, only when young and strong, are able to "make both ends meet." How do they do even this?—these tens of thousands of workers in clothing-factories, behind the counters of stores, among the hot irons and dangerous machinery of laundries, or in a hundred sorts of occupations the average person never heard of.

The Consumers' League wanted to know just how it was done, and several noble and intelligent young women undertook to gather the information which is given here. There is nothing sensational—just the tale of the steady grist that goes into the hopper of the mill of "supply and demand." It is merely a record of the facts upon which such organizations for social betterment as this league base their demands for improved conditions, demands which have resulted in decided ameliorations.

Every woman-shopper ought to read it and learn by what ruinous methods her call for lower prices of the things she needs to wear, or to look pretty in, are met. Can it be helped? Somewhat, yes; and such investigations as this guide the way of reform.

One way is by standardizing women's work more thoroughly, and enforcing such legislation as boards of health, of factory inspection, etc., are now armed with. Another is by teaching and practising a more scientific kind of management, and of doing each kind of work. To this end a final chapter is contributed by Mr. F. W. Taylor, which is of exceeding value in its suggestions.

OTHER RECENT BOOKS

Cox, Kenyon. *The Classic Point of View.* 8vo, pp. 232. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

This is a readable little volume and its views are the convictions of a man who

speaks with authority. Mr. Cox is an American artist with a European reputation who believes that at this present moment America leads the world in painting. In these six lectures, delivered on the Seaman Foundation at the Art Institute of Chicago, he shows how national pre-eminence in art is to be maintained. By the term "classic" he does mean classical. The works of the Frenchman David, and of the Englishman Flaxman, were classical, that is, more or less slavish reproductions of Greek models. He defines his use of the word as follows:

"The Classic Spirit is the disinterested search for perfection; it is the love of clearness and reasonableness and self-control; it is, above all, the love of continuity. It asks of a work of art, not that it shall be novel or effective, but that it shall be fine and noble."

These general terms will be better understood when the reader has carefully studied the five succeeding lectures on "The Subject of Art"; "Design"; "Drawing"; "Light and Shade Color"; and "Technic." The many photographic reproductions after masterpieces more or less familiar which illustrate Mr. Cox's views add much to the charm and lucidity of the work.

D'Alcho, Alice. *The Queens of Roman England, and Their Successors.* Pp. 139. Boston, Massachusetts: Everett Publishing Company. \$2.

With the coronation of King George and Queen Mary fresh in mind and renewed memories of King Edward's coronation in 1902, it is interesting to read this faithful account of the lives of the early queens when Roman, Saxon, and Norman influences were making their marks on the development of England. Interesting facts are given of the women who have figured in the history of the early centuries from Cartimandua to the three Roman Mathildas. Boadicea's struggle in the cause of public liberty makes thrilling reading, also the story of King Cole, the merry king with his "fiddlers three," whose beautiful daughter Helena became the mother of the great Constantine. We learn that it was through the influence of the good Queen Bertha that the foundation was laid for the present Westminster Abbey, and much praise is given for her goodness. The Saxon period is better known to the general reader from its use in fiction, but the account of each queen has something intimate and new to attract the attention and interest the reader.

Gibson, H. W. *Camping for Boys.* Cloth, 12mo, pp. 294. Illustrated. Association Press.

This seems to be a valuable guide for all who are conducting, or propose to conduct, summer school-camps for boys, whether as a paid organization, or just as recreation for a season. The author has for many years been in charge of regular camps of the former sort, and speaks with the authority of successful experience. His book discusses the value of these institutions, their true purpose, the qualities required of their leaders, and the proper methods of locating, equipping, and conducting them. Here a great amount of instructive detail is furnished, even to the commissary lists, suitable expenses, and apparently everything a beginner in such an enterprise would wish to know. A large part of the book, nevertheless, is devoted to the means of enjoyment and profit to be offered the boys—athletic sports of all sorts, games, rainy-day amusements, marching, drills, and that

healthful admixture of fun and mental activity which makes these camps so popular, and, when properly managed, so useful and elevating. The religious tone which should animate such a school-camp is largely dwelt upon, and ample suggestions are given as to how moral lessons may be inculcated without forcing them upon the youngsters in a forbidding manner. Altogether, the book may be highly recommended.

Barton, Mary. *Impressions of Mexico.* Cloth, 8vo, pp. 200. Colored illustrations. New York: Macmillan Co. \$3.

A book of pictures (twenty-four plates) reproduced in color from the artist-author's sketches in Mexico, and printed as inserts attached lightly to a dark-brown backing. All of the pictures are well done, and most of them are not only interesting but really charming in both composition and coloring—bits of antique architecture, a monastery's arcade, a flowery patio, a village street, or some quaint interior. These illustrations, ready to be taken out of the book and tacked upon a wall, give the book its real worth, for the text is merely chat about the artist's experiences as she traveled about; and this is mostly the expression of querulous astonishment that people and things in America should be so different from those of an English village.

Hannibal, P. M. *Uncle Sam's Cabin.* 8vo, pp. 616. Dannebrog, Neb.: P. M. Hannibal. \$1.50.

This is a love tale with a moral, written by an earnest and loyal citizen of his country. The work is conversational and makes a good story to put into the hands of boys, exhibiting as it does the evils and dangers of intemperance. At the present moment when Maine has been struggling to keep the liquor trade over her border, and the question of prohibition is being put so squarely before the ruling powers in other States, the appearance of Mr. Hannibal's tale will be hailed by many as a plea for the cause which he and they have so much at heart.

Humphreys, Mary Gay. *The Boy's Story of Zebulon M. Pike, Explorer of the Great Southwest.* Cloth, 8vo, pp. 375. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

It is now a little over a century since Captain Pike, an energetic young army officer, first saw and properly located on the map that huge summit fronting the Colorado plains which he modestly called Grand Peak, but which the world long ago agreed to call Pike's Peak. This was in 1806, at the end of an exploring trip across the plains by a route never before traveled, through hundreds of miles of country inhabited by warring Indians, and by means of travel and supply which would now be thought hardly possible. The success of the expedition—as of his notable previous explorations up the Mississippi—was due to the high intelligence, tact, resourcefulness, and courage of Pike and his men. These are qualities which it is well to place before the young, especially when they are illustrated by so adventurous a history as was Pike's; and therefore this book is a good one to give to a boy or girl to read. The great mountain was, however, only an incident. Pike continued his surveys far southeast, penetrated Mexico, and rendered very important diplomatic services as well as gathered an extraordinary amount of information. He wrote voluminous reports of his journey and observations; and the editor has made use of these so copiously and skilfully that the narrative is told mostly in the explorer's own words.

The volume ought to find a place in school libraries as well as on the boy's book-shelf at home.

Jeffery, Reginald W. *The New Europe*, 1789-1889. 8vo, pp. viii, 401. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

This is a handy, concise, and comprehensive review of the history of the principal nations and international movements in continental Europe during the century ushered in by the preliminary events of the French Revolution. Its value for the student, and its convenience as a book of reference, are increased by the complete and numerous diagrams, tables, maps, bibliographical and biographical notes and lists of dates which appear in proper place throughout the book. There are defects of omission, which are perhaps inevitable in such a work. But it is bound to be a useful manual for class-room use or as an auxiliary text-book.

Johnson, Alexander. *The Almshouse Construction and Management*. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 260. Illustrated. Charities Publishing Committee. \$1.25.

This is one of the reports of researches by the Sage Foundation, and deals with the treatment of paupers in various parts of the country, when they seek or are given residence in a poorhouse. The book considers the almshouse not merely as a problem of economical administration, nor of human comfort, but in its general relations to the causes, relief, and prevention of poverty. It finds great variety, and seeks to point out excellencies as well as defects; but is more concerned with the improvement of the system of poor relief than with the quarters. The great fault seems to be in the encouragement of pauperism which a bad almshouse affords, largely by the mixing of old and young, vicious and non-vicious, and by permitting inmates to go and come almost at pleasure. Some startling cases are given of evils attached to and growing out of careless and wrong management. To officials having to deal with the problems of pauperism in a community, and especially those superintending or directly interested in the management of poorhouses, the book will prove an invaluable aid.

Lewis, Arthur Gardner. *Iliad of Homer Translated into English Blank Verse*. 8vo, pp. 792. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.75 net.

The English verse of this translation is sound and sonorous, the scholarship of the author painstaking and accurate. If it serves to freshen the interest in this part of classical literature, it will not have been produced in vain. One end it will most certainly serve. It will be a good substitute for the prose "pony," often used by beginners in getting an insight into the meaning of "the blind bard of Scio's rocky isle." The prose "pony" is very apt to be harsh, pedantic, and sometimes misleading, in contrast to the flowing numbers and poetic diction of the work before us.

Phelps, William Lyon. *Essays on Modern Novelists*. Pp. 293. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

The twelve chosen names in Professor Phelps's group of interesting essays on modern novelists are De Morgan, Hardy, Howells, Björnson, "Mark Twain," Sienkiewicz, Sudermann, Alfred Ollivant, R. L. Stevenson, Mrs. Ward, Kipling, and the author of "Lorna Doone." While there is no attempt at ranking these writers, it is obvious that the three first-named stand

foremost in our author's affections. And it is for his appreciative remarks concerning them, and his clever attempt to solve the puzzle of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "prodigious" but "unfortunate" vogue, that the book is, after all, worth reading. The rest has all been said before, if we only except the perhaps unduly enthusiastic essay praising the author of "Bob, Son of Battle."

Powell, I. L. *Chrysanthemums and How to Grow Them*. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 200. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.10 net.

In this volume will be found instruction in the growing of these autumnal flowers in the garden border, and for specimen plants and blooms under glass, but with special regard for the opportunities of the amateur who has only an outdoor garden. The book is one of the volumes of the Garden Library, and was prepared by an expert.

Smith, Edward. *The Life of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, with some Notices of his Contemporaries*. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 348. Illustrated. John Lane Company. \$4.00.

It is unfortunate that so long a time has passed since his death in awaiting a full and careful biography of Sir Joseph Banks, who held a place in the intellectual world of his period which was of greater importance than is now commonly remembered. He was well-born, rich, free from social trammels, and chose to gratify scientific tastes which were as intelligently directed as they were ardently enjoyed. He had little inclination to write books, and seems to have been thoughtless of "fame," so that his great services to exploration, natural science, and sanitary reform would have passed out of view had it not been for the impress they made upon the scientific work and institutions of his day. The effect of this self-forgetful enthusiasm, however, is to leave his biographer with a slender stock of materials relating to the personal life of his subject, who seems to have been a fine character, and a lovable one, as well as a leader in public-spirited services to his country and race. "His conduct of the Royal Society for forty years," remarks Mr. Smith, "is, perhaps, the most notable feature of his career. To this are to be added so many public functions, that there was scarcely any important movement in which he had not an active share." He was the naturalist with Captain Cook in his voyage around the world, and Australians revere him as the founder of their commonwealth, for it was his full and enthusiastic report upon the excellence of the southern shores of that island which led to its colonization. These are but high points in the history of a man of force who did much for the advancement of knowledge and human comfort. His story is well told, and the book is a valuable contribution to English history.

Swift, Lindsay. *William Lloyd Garrison*. 8vo, pp. 412. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. \$1.25.

As the latest number of the "American Crisis Biographies," this life of Garrison is of considerable significance. The character of the great abolitionist is here treated dispassionately and his work, whose audacity sometimes savored of fanaticism, is here lifted above the dust and din of party politics. The man who denounced the American Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and protested against the eloquent arguments of Daniel Webster, is now recognized

as an unselfish philanthropist who fought for the freedom of the slave with any weapon he found ready to his hand. Mr. Swift Lindsay has done his work thoroughly and concisely and will doubtless find many readers in Virginia as well as in Massachusetts.

Social Evil in Chicago, The. A Study of Existing Conditions, with Recommendations by the Vice Commission of Chicago. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 400. Published by the City.

The Vice Commission alluded to in the above title was a municipal body of some thirty citizens, appointed by the Mayor, and consisting of clergymen, jurists, physicians, and lay citizens of prominence. They devoted many months to gathering, by their investigators, the large and alarming body of evidence set forth in this report that prostitution flourished in Chicago in a commercialized form which is not only peculiarly repugnant, but doubly vicious, since its promoters are linked by the basest ties with liquor-selling, gambling, and the underworld of politics. The details of this business, and the evidences of the horrible evils from physical as well as moral disease which follow in its wake, are set forth most convincingly; and the report forms the basis of recommendations to the legislators of Chicago and Illinois which, if followed, ought to go a great way, it would seem, toward uprooting the evil in its worst aspects, at least. These recommendations may well be studied by other large cities, where the evidences of the cadet system and other forms of commercialized prostitution are patent to every person in a position to observe the criminal classes.

Summerhayes, Martha. *Vanished Arizona. Recollections of My Army Life*. Decorated cloth, 12mo, pp. 316. Illustrated. Salem (Mass.) Press. \$1.25.

This is a reissue of a little book which was printed quietly, and was soon bought up by army people, who were delighted with its frank narrative of experiences which were common to all our soldiers thirty or forty years ago. But the book is such a straightforward, simple story, of how a refined woman lived through almost incredible difficulties and hardships at desert posts, that it has found a demand far outside the circle of fellow campaigners, and hence has been reprinted. It is, indeed, a narrative rarely surpassed in that "human interest" which is the staple of our best books.

The Story of Mary MacLane, by herself. New edition, 1911. New York: Duffield & Company.

It is nine years since the critics were busy with the first edition of the "Life of Mary MacLane," trying to decide whether her "dams, dishonesty, and devil-longings" were emanations from a callow brain, the sincere record of colossal conceit, or just plain raving or "schwärmerei," as the Germans call it. The life of a nineteen-year-old girl does not usually furnish material for great excitement or interest, even if she is a genius, and her record hardly justified her claim, and yet there have been readers with imagination enough to read wonderfully frank truths into this ranting record. The book now reaches a new edition of "self-revelation," with a new chapter dealing with the added wisdom of years and experience. The indication is that the last nine years have taught her to prefer New York City to Butte, Montana, and that she considers herself at nineteen as having been

(Continued on page 584)

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 582)

"a clever and ridiculous child," and that at twenty-eight she is still a little odd. As a matter of fact, Mary MacLane has changed scarcely at all. She still offers herself, in her mature twenty-eight summers, as the same unique specimen for the psychologist.

Thomson, William M. *The Land and the Book*. 8vo, pp. 614. New edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.40 net.

William M. Thomson's volume on Palestine, first published in 1859, has become almost as charming a classic as White's "Natural History of Selborne." Amid the vast and increasing number of exhaustive works on Palestine this volume continues to be cherished for its literary grace and the reverential spirit of its Biblical references. The publishers have reprinted it with its somewhat antiquated illustrations and many will look upon the book as a mere curiosity tho of value, as well fulfilling the promise of its subtitle as "Biblical illustrations drawn from the manners and customs, the scenes and the scenery of the Holy Land."

Venable, William Henry. *A Buckeye Boyhood*. 8vo, pp. 190. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company. \$1.25.

Mr. Venable has a charming talent as a writer and it has never been exhibited more fully than in these delightful reminiscences of his own life. Yet the work is something more than a mere autobiographical sketch. It is of general interest and of historical value as throwing light upon rural life in Ohio, 1836-1858. There are humor, pathos, and abundant food for thought and interest in Mr. Venable's treatment of such subjects as "Seventy Years Ago," "The By-woods," "Wagon-Road and Railway," "Country Schoolmasters," "Religious Experience." There are equal wisdom and philosophy in these chronicles, which will beguile the idle hour of many who are weary of the common sex romance, the problem, and detective story.

Woodbury, William A. *Beauty Culture*. Pp. 378. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. \$2.

The author of this comprehensive work was for many years associated with John H. Woodbury, the acknowledged founder and greatest exponent of dermatology, and, in this volume, he presents to the world the results of long years of study, the new methods, and carefully tested preparations invented by them in "Beauty Culture."

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CURRENT POETRY

WE could find fault with the over-serious tone of George Sterling's fourth volume of verse, "The House of Orchids" (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco). There is a little too much apostrophizing in the "thou," "thine," and "thy" manner: too much of "Oh!" "Ah!" and "Alas!" To pervert one of Mr. Sterling's lines to our own base purposes, there is in this work an oppressive "and mighty hunger for I know not what," a retching after the ineffable and the infinite.

Of course Mr. Sterling opposes to these faults qualities of great worth. His thought is dignified, often impressive, his lines are filled with music, and the coloring in some of his sea-pictures borders on the gorgeous.

This sea worship, in truth, saves the book. When we close this volume, our ears are clamorous with bursting surges and, long after, there lingers in memory the thunder of the sea on the long key-board of the beach.

"The Apothecary's" is the most original of Mr. Sterling's latest verse collection.

The Apothecary's
BY GEORGE STERLING

Its red and emerald beacons from the night
Draw human moths in melancholy flight,
With beams whose gaudy glories point the way
To safety or destruction—choose you may!
Crystal and powder, oils or tincture clear,
Such the dim sight of man beholds, but here
Await, indisputable in their pow'r,
Great Presences, abiding each his hour;
And for a little price rash man attains
This council of the perils and the pains—
This parliament of death, and brotherhood
Omnipotent for evil and for good.

Venoms of vision, myrrh of splendid swoons,
They wait us past the green and scarlet moons.
Here prisoned rest the tender hands of Peace,
And there an Angel at whose bidding cease
The clamors of the tortured sense, the strife
Of nerves confounded in the war of life.
Within this vial pallid Sleep is caught,
In that, the sleep eternal. Here are sought
Such webs as in their agonizing mesh
Draw back from doom the half-reluctant flesh.
There beck the traitor joys to him who buys,
And Death sits panoplied in gorgeous guise.

The dusts of hell, the dews of heavenly sods,
Water of Lethe or the wine of gods,
Purchase who will, but, ere his task begin,
Beware the service that you set the djinn!
Each hath his mercy, each his certain law,
And each his Lord behind the veil of awe;
But ponder well the ministry you crave,
Lest he be final master, you the slave.
Each hath a price, and each a tribute gives
To him who turns from life and him who lives,
If so you win from Pain a swift release,
His face shall haunt you in the house of Peace.
If so from Pain you scorn an anodyne,
Peace shall repay you with a draught divine.
The toil and time be now by them surpast,
Exact the recompense they take at last—
These genii of the vials, wreaking still
Their sorceries on human sense and will.

Aldebaran at Dusk

BY GEORGE STERLING

Thou art the star for which all evening waits—
O star of peace, come tenderly and soon!
As for the drowsy and enchanted moon,
She dreams in silver at the eastern gates
Ere yet she brims with light the blue estates
Abandoned by the eagles of the noon.
But shine thou swiftly on the darkling dune
And woodlands where the twilight hesitates.



Madame Maintenon writes from Paris: "I would be clothed in a memory of flowery fragrance, which will linger on his trembling nostrils like an evening zephyr laden with the perfume of the rose or the lily or the modest violet—so entrancing it seems like pages from a lover's romance."

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It is an eloquent compliment to a man and to the world for a woman to weave the charm of delicate fragrance in his memory. It expresses love and joy—it is the spirit of springtime—it suggests—it is of nature itself—the pure and truest essence of the loveliest flowers. We call it—"Flower Drops."

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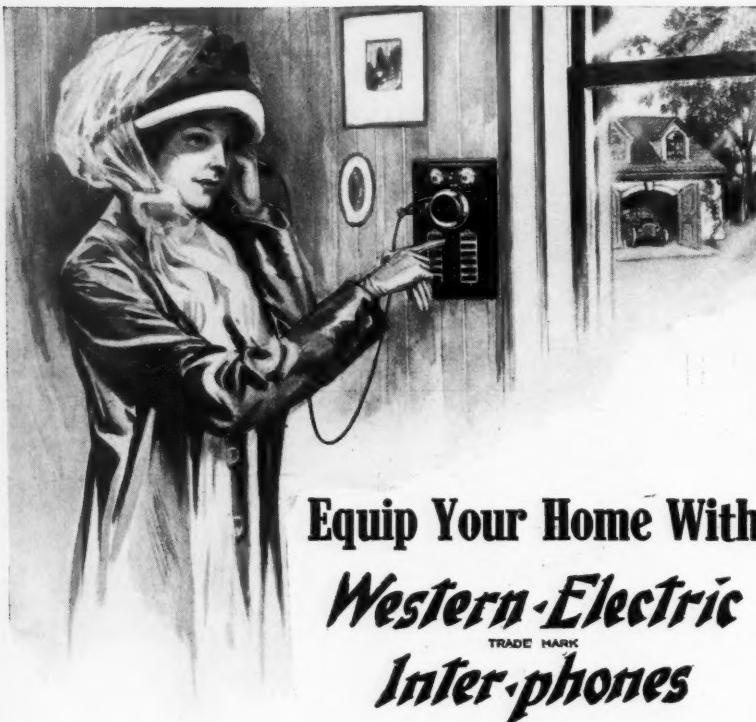
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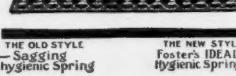


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Above that wide and ruby lake to-West
Wherein the sunset waits reluctantly.
Stirs silently the purple wings of Night.
She stands afar, upholding to her breast,
As mighty murmurs reach her from the sea,
Thy lone and everlasting rose of light.

John Drinkwater's occasional verse has been assembled in "Poems of Men and Hours" (David Nutt, London). We printed awhile ago the best of these pieces, the inspiring prayer that rises like a Matterhorn above the others. Possibly some may remember the last stanza:

"Knowledge we ask not—knowledge thou hast
lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies the bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent,
The deed, the deed!"

Here is one of Mr. Drinkwater's lesser lyrics:

The Soldier

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

The large report of fame I lack,
And shining clasps and crimson scars,
For I have held my bivouac
Alone amid the untroubled stars.

My battle-field has known no dawn
Beclouded by a thousand spears;
I've been no mounting tyrant's pawn
To buy his glory with my tears.

It never seemed a noble thing
Some little leagues of land to gain
From broken men, nor yet to fling
Abroad the thunderbolts of pain.

Yet I have felt the quickening breath
As peril heavy peril kissed—
My weapon was a little faith,
And fear was my antagonist.

Not a brief hour of cannonade,
But many days of bitter strife,
Till God of his great pity laid
Across my brow the leaves of life.

Man seems deliberately to choose suffering, seems to prefer the cross, seems to gain his deepest happiness from martyrdom. Charles Hanson Towne has written about this in the beautiful, concrete figures of poetry, and *Collier's Weekly* prints it.

Nevertheless

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

He heard the files at the end of the street,
He heard the marching of thousands of feet;
The rush and the murmur, the beat of the drum.
The sudden strange delirium;
He saw the gold banners and flying flags,
The rapturous faces of lads and hags;
The light romance, and the gleam of it all,
The wonder, the magic, the dream of it all.

But he did not see the lonely campfires burning
On distant fields; and he forgot the yearning
Of aching hearts when nights were filled with dread;
He did not see the pitiless, helpless dead.
He did not think of sorrow and alarms,
The empty years that mocked his empty arms;
He did not think of many a blood-stained hill....
Yet had he thought, he would have followed still!

She heard the story—old as the years;
She waited through nights of girlhood fear
For the dream to come, as come it must,
And make a glory of the dust.

She said, "No love shall be like ours—
Life's roadway bright with eternal flowers."
She saw the beauty, the light of it all,
And the terrible, splendid might of it all.

But she did not know of days and nights of weeping
Heart-breaking absence and slow shadows creeping
Around her couch to hide Love's blazing light.
She did not know Love has its day—and night.
And she forgot the thorns amid the roses,
Forgot that sometimes Love's book softly closes;
She did not know Love's sorrows blind and kill....
Yet had she known, she would have followed still!

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

THE FIRST MAN TO SCALE THE MATTERHORN

AFTER facing a hundred deaths on mountain peaks in every part of the globe, it may seem strange that Edward Whymper, the world-renowned mountaineer, who died a few days ago in the shadow of his loved Mont Blanc, met death in a perfectly normal, every-day fashion in his bed. But this, says the New York *Times*, has been really the fate of nearly all great adventurers and explorers—Captain Cook and Sir John Franklin alone standing out as two notable exceptions. And both of these latter were comparatively young men. We read in *The Times*:

Whymper was well advanced in his seventy-second year, and had been ill. He spoke to the correspondent of *The Times* in Geneva a few days ago as a man with a premonition of death. He died at Chamonix among the tall mountains and glaciers he loved so well.

Of Whymper's ascent of the Matterhorn and other perilous feats the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* has this to say:

When Whymper was twenty-five years of age, in 1865, he climbed the Matterhorn after seven fruitless attempts. The peak had been supposed unscalable. On the way down, Lord Hadow's foot slipped, and four of the members of the party when the rope broke fell thousands of feet to their destruction. The tragedy, and Whymper's graphic account of it in "Scrambles Among the Alps," made the first ascent of the Matterhorn the most famous mountain conquest on record. Tho in scientific attainments Whymper was not the equal of several other noted "mountain-climbing investigators," owing to his grace of literary style and mastership of the art of vivid description he had no superior in the matter of imparting to the general reader his knowledge and the results of his observations. Whymper was, moreover, an artist of considerable talent.

A singular fact illustrative of "the irony of fate and the sarcasm of destiny," is that altho on the occasion of his great triumph he narrowly escaped falling 4,000 feet down the sheer slope of the mountain, some years later he fell four feet from a lecture platform and suffered a broken leg. Previous to this accident, moreover, he had come out unscratched from numerous perilous situations, into which his enthusiasm for climbing and an almost reckless spirit of adventure had led him.

Whymper's explorations, expeditions, and peak scalings were not confined to the Alps, but extended to Mexico, South America, Greenland, and other countries. Many of his ventures were undertaken alone, since, being comparatively without money, he could not pay guides and others to accompany him.

The first ascent to a greater height than 20,000 feet was placed to the credit of Mr. Whymper when he reached the top of Chimborazo in Ecuador, which had baffled all other travelers. He made valuable observations on the physical effect of high

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Many a woman wears herself out before her time trying to keep her home spotless—simply because up till now she has had the most imperfect of tools to work with.

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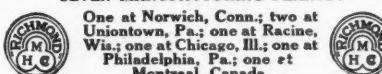
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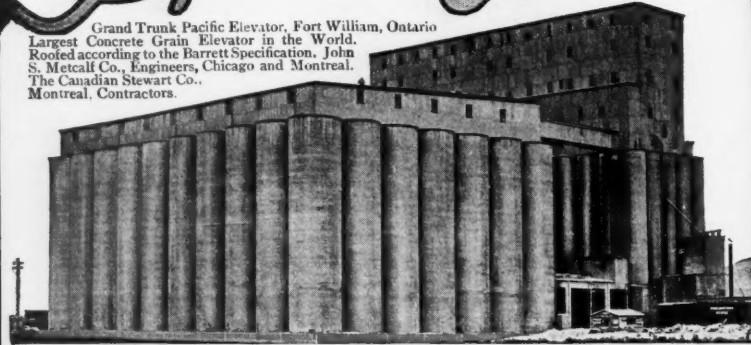
One at Norwich, Conn.; two at Uniontown, Pa.; one at Racine, Wis.; one at Chicago, Ill.; one at Philadelphia, Pa.; one at Montreal, Canada.



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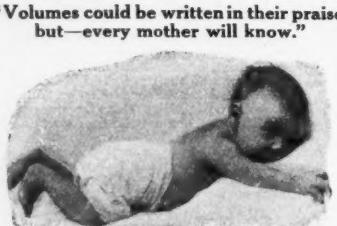
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altitudes, and for years occupied himself with barometric researches. He came to America a few years ago, and pointed out to us that there are "fifteen Switzerland's rolled into one" in the Canadian Rockies. Then he was then at an age when most men prefer the sheltered ease of the fireside, he made several ascents of virgin snow-clad crests in that region.

In his seventy-one years of active life as scientist, artist, and explorer, Whymper was the evangel of "the freedom of the mountaineer." By practise he illustrated the precept of his books and pictures, and his depiction of the pleasures and rewards of mountaineering have led many to follow in his footsteps starward, or, at least, to lift their eyes to the everlasting hills among which he lived and died.

BURGESS' GREAT SWIM

WHEN Capt. Matthew Webb succeeded in mastering the English Channel, in 1875, it was thought that the feat would never be undertaken again—so many were the difficulties then disclosed. But Thomas William Burgess, who swam across safely from Dover the other day, not only experienced the same difficulties which Webb had encountered, but several difficulties of his own as well. In the first place Burgess is a Yorkshire blacksmith working industriously at his trade with little or no time for water activities of any kind, and in the second place he is a man well over forty years of age. These were two very grievous handicaps, says the London *Daily Express*, and handicaps which Burgess well overcame. His spurt for fame lasted over twenty-three hours, while that of Webb took twenty-one; but Burgess was buffeted about by a wild sea and baffling white-capped waves, so that, instead of covering the official twenty-one miles, he in reality bested some sixty odd or more. From the very start the wind, we read, was bad:

Burgess, however, made no complaint for a long time, but it was seen that he was having a bad time. On several occasions he swallowed water. The lumpy sea was very tiring to his arm action, and, most serious of all, his eyes became affected. At the start, of course, he had been greased with lard, and this, combined with his great powers of endurance, enabled him to keep quite warm all through the long hours of the swim. In addition to the grease he also wore as protection against the sea and sun a pair of motor goggles, and a rubber bathing cap.

The lousy water, however, penetrated the goggles, especially the right glass, which was under water much more than the left, and a small pool collected and remained in the eye-piece, giving Burgess great trouble. In the first three hours he changed his goggles no fewer than four times, but did not seem to get much benefit from the changes.

After swimming for an hour and a half Burgess asked for refreshment, and Mr. Watson, the food specialist on board, prepared some chocolate—a beverage which was used throughout the swim. While taking his drink Burgess chatted with the

party, and told them of the rough time he was having.

Every one's spirits were rather low, as the wind was blowing fifteen miles an hour or more, and the prospects of anything like a good swim were very remote. Burgess' eyes were rather inflamed, and he stated that in all his experience he had never suffered so much from the salt water.

In spite of this fact it was the opinion of every one on board that the progress made up to that time was better than on any previous Channel swim.

Burgess used his left overarm stroke continually and got a great deal of power from his legs. His stroke was twenty-four to the minute, and he never varied this for fifteen hours or more.

About three o'clock a large tramp steamer, the *F. Stobart*, hove in sight, steaming up Channel. The entire party stood up and signaled her to go behind the swimmer, and her captain slowed down and altered his course. When informed who was in the water he and his crew shouted a message of good wishes.

The end of the flood tide on which the swim was started took Burgess three miles north of the South Sands Head Lightship. In three hours he was six miles off the land. The lap was still troubling him. He was slightly sick three times, and after about three hours' swimming he had a serious talk with the pilot regarding the advisability of remaining in the water.

"A couple more turns of sickness will finish me," he said.

Burgess came down Channel at a great pace, and the Calais boat, due at Dover at five o'clock, passed many miles eastward of him. His westward drift took him as far as the Shakespeare Colliery, situated half-way between Folkstone and Dover.

The weather was then improving rapidly. The swimmer was in better spirits after six hours than after two, and, as the pilot gruffly yelled, "Everything in the garden is lovely."

In seven hours it was a position that any Channel swimmer would have envied. Burgess was satisfied, but not elated.

He was fast settling down to the real business of the swim, and those on board heard little except the swish-swish of his mighty kick and occasionally a jest about any unfortunate member of the party who looked a little sickly.

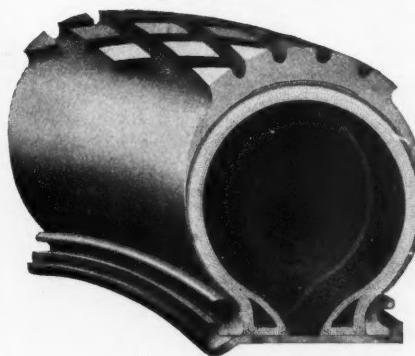
At eleven o'clock Burgess started his night swim in fine spirits and finely placed. But, we read:

The next flood tide took him one of the most extraordinary jaunts it has ever been the fortune of a Channel swimmer to go. It set him right back toward England and he had to cross the dreaded Ridge Bank, where he noticed the chill of the shallow water. He asked for soundings to be taken and when informed that there were twenty-one fathoms he immediately assured his pilot that he was decidedly nearer England than France.

One of the party, "Jack" Weidman, dived in and accompanied Burgess from nine o'clock until twelve-thirty, and his presence was much appreciated by Burgess, who, we are told, "ate, drank, and swam the night away."

At dawn, about 4:30 o'clock, the first

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"It must be a fitting addition to feature with Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires."

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The myriad of motorists who use No-Rim-Cut tires avoid all of this cost and worry.

10 Per Cent Oversize

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bearings of the day were taken. Grisnez bore southwest by south and Calais east-southeast; the nearest land, Sangatte, was only three miles distant. The fog hung about all the morning and the coast was not visible for a long time.

About this time, after eighteen hours' swimming, Burgess grew a little weak. He stated he was all right physically, but felt "light-headed." He said he could see mirages, and summed the whole situation up by saying he had a "bad fit of the blues and if they boys didn't sing to him he should chuck it shortly."

The party immediately began to sing. Mr. Watson led off with the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore."

Burgess asked for the "Marseillaise," and the entire party sang it to him for twenty minutes or so without stopping.

An attack of cramps near the heart, we read, bothered Burgess until a few miles off Grisnez. Reading further:

High tide at Grisnez was at 9:40 o'clock and the slack water was felt at 7:40. Thinking he was still many miles off, Burgess asked for champagne. When informed he was only a mile and a half off the shore he brightened up very much, and went away again with the word, "No champagne then."

Mr. Watson gave him a lozenge and some essence of peppermint, which seemed to ease him of his pain, and he went on again steadily.

Captain Pearson sang out: "If you can stick it a little longer, 'Bill,' you won't be troubled with this job again." To which Burgess answered: "Oh, we'll settle it now."

When Weidman went in, at 6:30 o'clock, Burgess, noticing he was using a poor arm stroke, gave him a short lesson in swimming.

About eight o'clock he had another attack of stomach cramp, which prevented his swimming his best. The situation was then critical. A decision to alter the course half a point east or west meant success or failure.

Burgess summed up the situation swiftly. He told his pilot that rather than run the risk of being swept off shore by the tide, as he was on a previous swim, he would make a dash for the point of Grisnez. The course was at once altered, and the wisdom of Burgess' decision was soon apparent; he was gaining on the land more rapidly. His illness, however, badly handicapped him.

At 8:30 o'clock the point of the cape was straight ahead, and Burgess had missed it by a little under a quarter of a mile! By many on board this was regarded as the end of his chance. Burgess said he was in a bad way, but if necessary he would make a dash for the shore. His great pluck was the only thing that kept him going. The "Marseillaise" was again trolled forth from the boat and as Burgess slowly fought his way inch by inch into the bay east of Grisnez the scene was most dramatic.

It was a race with the tide, and Burgess won, one might almost say, by inches. He got inside the bay and into slack water, and another quarter of an hour's painful work brought his great task to a close.

The excitement on the boat was intense. The whole of the party took off their shoes and stockings and eagerly awaited the word from the skipper that the water was shallow enough to walk in.

Burgess sprinted the last two hundred yards on his left overarm, the stroke that had given him the victory over the Channel, exactly at 9:50 o'clock.

Then Burgess walked a little weakly, but with a firm step to shore, and selected his mother out of all the crowd—eager to take him in her arms.

A THIEF CAUGHT BY CAMERA

THE camera has played its part in the catching of many criminals, but never more dramatically than in the case of Guy Fox, an escaped thief and bad man from a little border town in Texas. An amateur photographer named Cummack, we read in *The Youth's Companion*, was off on the old buffalo trail which crosses a spur of the Cimarron mountains and juts off into New Mexico. He was all alone, had been told that he would probably be all alone to the end of the hills, and was feeling rather devilish in his way, when:

He came noiselessly into an opening in young growth and gave a sudden start—surprised and disappointed.

His Elysian wildness was occupied by campers! A new white tent and an old frayed one, pitched on the bank of the brook, showed in ugly contrast against a fringe of green. Two persons were in sight, a half-breed Mexican woman, bending over a camp-kettle, and a white man, lounging in a light hammock.

The man got to his feet as Cummack approached and stood in a careless attitude, with his hands locked behind him. He was a slender person of middle age, smooth of face, who, altho dressed in soiled duck, had the unmistakable look of a man of the cities.

He exchanged greetings with Cummack urbanely, inquired whither the photographer was bound on that ancient highway, expressed an interest in his pleasant occupation, said that he lived in Dallas, Texas, and that he had come to the mountains to get rid of malaria. He added that he was succeeding very well.

Cummack noted that the stranger had the appearance of a politician, and was puzzled by something familiar in his face. He had, he thought, met the camper before; but he could not remember where.

He occasionally puzzled over the familiarity of the face while climbing the precipitous path. Then, struck by a sudden whim, he returned, we read, to where he could look down from above on the spot where the man's camp had been:

But their tents had vanished, and in their place were diminutive figures clustered like ants on the greensward. His field-glass showed him plainly several persons packing for a move.

The half-breed woman and a man of her kind were swiftly cinching packs upon two ponies, while the white man stood, apparently giving occasional directions. Three saddled animals stood near at hand.

In five minutes the packing had been completed, and the trio, mounted, pushed into the bushes, following upon the trail Cummack had just traversed.

The camera-hunter rode on. What did

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that hasty camp-breaking mean? Was the white fellow a criminal—a "hide out"? This idea at once flashed a picture into Cummack's mind, and he slapped his thigh with an excited exclamation. He knew who the man was!

Three months before, prints of that face—alho then it bore a mustache—had been published in all the morning papers of his home city. He was Guy Fox, the county treasurer. The man was a politician—and corrupt; he was an embezzler who had escaped with seventy thousand dollars that belonged to the county. There was a reward for any information which should lead to his arrest.

Cummack understood now why the camper had stood with his hands behind him; he had been armed, and, in spite of his apparent equanimity, he had been thoroughly alarmed at the appearance of a stranger, and had been ready to shoot promptly in his own defense.

Suddenly, we are told, Cummack conceived the idea of playing the rôle of a detective and of dispatching a photo of the man to the proper authorities. Could he hope to do this? And how?

Much excited he determined to make the attempt. Scanning the rutted banks of the trail for a suitable place to set his camera, he rode onward rapidly for a quarter of a mile or more, until at length he came to a turn in the path that was ideally suited to his purpose. Riding beyond it a little way and tying his horse to a bush, he returned.

Setting his extended camera with the gray eye of its lens cunningly hidden among weeds and small bush, and laying a gray spider thread of silk across the trail at just the right spot, took him more minutes than he expected.

He had hardly finished his work and got to his feet before he heard the muffled clatter of horses' feet. Already the campers were so near that he could not hope to ride away undiscovered.

Stooping low and running quickly to his horse, he untied the animal and led it out among the high bushes of a lower slope. Fifty or sixty yards from the trail he halted, grasped the muzzle of his horse in both hands to keep it from neighing, and listened breathlessly.

The cavalcade was coming at a round trot, and presently he heard the woman's voice, urging on the pack-animals. Good—she and the ponies were in the rear! No danger that any of them, traveling at that rate, would discover the camera.

In a moment he knew that the string of ponies had all passed his camera-trap, and he felt the thrill of exultant hope. The sun was shining brightly, and beyond question if the white man was in front, he had left a picture of himself on the film.

At this minute Cummack's hired pony wrenched its muzzle free of his clenched fingers and let out a shrill, inquiring whinny.

Instantly the riders on the path halted, and there followed a moment of dubious silence. Knowing that any further attempt to concealment would be useless, the photographer determined to invite discovery. He leapt into his saddle and rode obliquely to the trail, as if casually passing through the bushes.

Cummack heard nothing more of the

travelers until he reached the trail, which he struck while going at a trot. Then a clatter of hoofs at his heels told him that he was closely pursued. Neither reining in nor urging his animal forward, the camera-hunter turned in his saddle to see a swarthy Mexican, with swinging riata, almost upon him.

The man had quietly kept even pace with him as he traversed the bushes, and before he could realize his danger, he felt a deftly flung noose settle over his shoulders. He was jerked violently out of his saddle and struck the hard path on his head and shoulders.

For the moment the breath was knocked out of him. When he came to himself his hands were tied under his back, Guy Fox was sitting on his chest, and the half-breed was busily tying his legs with the same braided rawhide that had brought him to earth.

It was too late to struggle, and his angry remonstrances were unheeded. At length, after he had been tightly tied, Cummack, we are told, was left "to wait for the return of his mates."

In vain Cummack shouted after the man that he had no mates. In five minutes all sounds of the cavalcade, to which his own horse had been added, had ceased, and the luckless camera-hunter was left to his reflections.

There was no more comfort in them than there was in his position. He lay on his back in a wide rut of the trail, and the plaited rawhide, which pinioned his wrists, had been knotted about his body and again about his thighs, knees, and ankles. Strain as he might, he could move his body only slightly by rolling his shoulders. Thus he was compelled to lie as he had been left; that is, with the weight of his body largely resting upon his arms.

His only hope of rescue lay in the pitifully slender chance that some hunter or prospector should come within call during the limited time that he could survive.

At intervals Cummack raised a halloo, as loud and long as his cramped lungs would permit. In the mean time a blazing midday sun added to his sufferings.

After two or three hours, and as if in answer to his shouts, a near-by rustle of leaves and grass told him of the approach of some creature. Eagerly he lifted his head to look in the direction of the sounds. Not twenty yards away he saw the pointed ears and inquiring snout of a mountain coyote, which had halted at the edge of the trail to peer at him. He shouted at the beast, which shrank back among the grass and weeds, but he listened in vain for sound of its retreat.

Had the distress in his voice betrayed him? Did the creature understand something of his helplessness?

He had little to fear from a timid coyote while he could make a movement or lift his voice, but he had frequently seen among those mountains the tracks of bigger wolves—beasts that would not long hesitate to attack a man in his condition.

His horror was so keen that he did not again raise even a feeble halloo. Some time later further slight noises among the bushes told him of the arrival of the coyote's mate. As the pair sat upon their haunches, some rods away, their pricked ears showed



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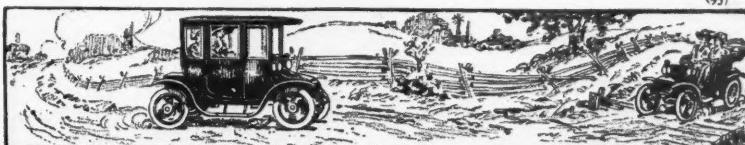
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above the weeds. The beasts were patiently biding their time.

Cummack was now suffering so much from thirst, pain, and heat that all his veins seemed about to burst. In this awful misery he ceased to care how soon the end might come. Toward mid-afternoon he fell into a stupor, from which doubtless he would never have roused but for the crackling thunder and the splash of water in his face. He was immediately drenched by sheets of wind-driven rain, which felt cool and grateful to his pain-racked body.

Soon a little stream trickling beneath him began to soak his back and legs. Would the water rise high enough to drown him? Well, in that case death would come quickly and easily.

But the path where he had fallen was on a narrow slope, and drained but little surface. After the first heavy downpour the rain fell gently and steadily, and for an hour the streamlet trickled under and around him.

A chill which had now struck to his very bones was making him fall into a cold lethargy, when suddenly he realized that his bonds had relaxed; he no longer felt the deadly pinch of the rawhide!

With renewed hope, he began to fight for his liberty. For the next half-hour all his energies, mental and physical, were concentrated on working his right wrist out of its bonds! He was at the point of exhaustion when his hand, skinned and bleeding, came free.

Altho the half-breed had taken his valables, a jack-knife yet lay in one of his hip pockets. The rest of his task was easy.

He recovered his camera, and trudged, a sorry spectacle, into the railway-station at Trampas Pass. As quickly as possible he mailed a roll of undeveloped film, and sent a telegram to the chief of police in his home town.

In fifty-eight hours the answer came by wire: "Your film shows our man—hang to his trail."

As it turned out, by aid of the clue Cummack furnished, the defaulter was trailed, and finally arrested in the City of Mexico.

BASEBALL, WITH BULLETS ON THE SIDE

"DARE-DEVIL" Alitzer, of the Cincinnati "Red Stockings," fought with Uncle Sam's boys in the Philippines and is much given to reminiscences. Indeed the Reds haven't done much this year, and Alitzer is reputed a better storyteller than ball-player. Here is a yarn he spun to Hugh Fullerton the other day which that oracle of baseball has given us direct in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. Said Alitzer:

The greatest play I ever saw was made by a man of whom none of you fellows ever heard. His name was Hanton; he was a private soldier in the United States Army, and is now a first sergeant, I believe, attached to a regiment at Manila. He made the play on a ball field at Umtala, a village about twenty miles from Iloilo.

There was an expedition sent up to quiet down that part of the country, and I happened to be a member of it. Quieting down that section of the country was like quieting down bromo seltzer—it fizzed up again as soon as the pressure was off. We weren't successful in finding trouble

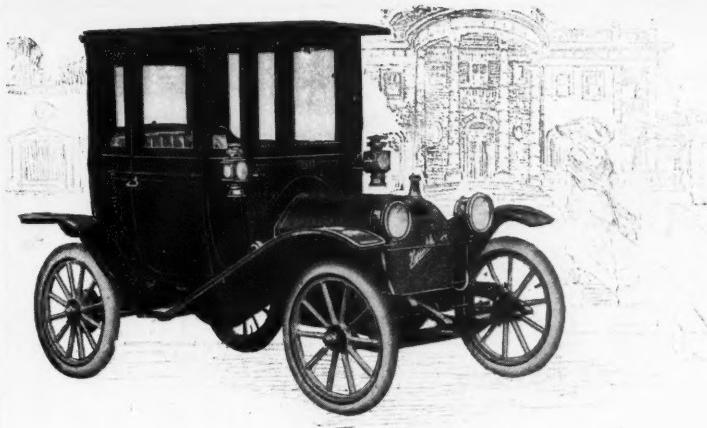
when we were looking for it, but a whole lot successful in finding it when we weren't. After a lot of hard marching and sniping at night, and chasing after that bunch of insurrectos, we uncovered a gang of them, had a good little scrap, and thought it was all over; so we settled down in camp at Umtala to rest a few days. Of course, the Filipinos, who were our servants and best friends in daytime, used to crawl out through the lines at night and take pot shots at us, then creep back and cook our breakfasts, but we weren't expecting any real scrapping. We had plenty of time, so we organized two baseball teams and played out on a little level bit of pasture land near the jungle, not over a hundred yards from the edge of the village. I think my team had won two and lost two games, and we decided to play off for the championship Sunday afternoon. Hanton was our left fielder, and when he was in position he was within fifty yards of the edge of the thicket. The outposts were on the other side of the thicket, a hundred yards or so beyond the ball park.

In the eighth inning of that game the score was 4 to 3 in our favor, with one out and runners on second and third for the other team. We were so interested in the game that we didn't notice that a crowd of the natives who had been watching us commenced to sneak away, most of them into the thicket. The batter hit a long fly to left field just as rifles began to crack in the thicket and bullets began to whistle past.

Our first baseman went down, then hopped up and limped away with a bullet through his leg. A corporal watching the game was bowled over, the thicket began to spit fire and lead for a hundred yards, and the alarm was raised in the camp. Hanton saw the ball going far over his head and, turning, he shot after it. It looked like a home run into the thicket, but Hanton kept right on as hard as he could go. Rifles cracked in front of him and we expected to see him drop, but he grabbed that ball, and, turning, made as pretty a throw to the plate as ever you saw. He might have caught the runner—but there wasn't any runner and Carroll, our center fielder, caught the ball on his way in, ran and touched third base, and claimed the double play because the runner left the bag before the ball was caught. The umpire wasn't there to give the decision, but it went and we won the game.

Hanton came sprinting in unhurt and within ten minutes we had swept that bunch of insurrectos out of the thicket and killed or captured most of them. It seems they had been planning for three days to sneak through the picket line and attack us while the whole bunch was at the ball game, and the thing that prevented the success of it was that catch of Hanton's! We learned from some of the captives that when they saw Hanton sprinting toward them with his arms up in the air and his face turned upward they thought he was leading a charge of gods or devils that he was calling out of the air to kill them, and when they saw the ball coming they were sure it was leading the host of other balls, and so many of them ran that it gave us time to get our arms and save the day.

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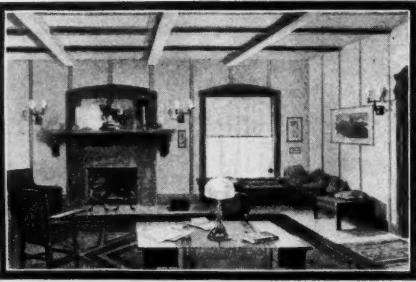
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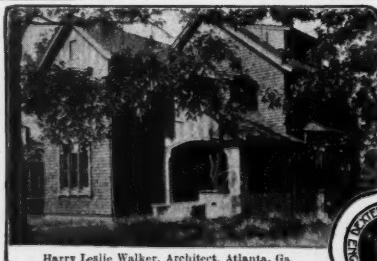
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WHEN THE SMUGGLERS CAUGHT DONOHUE

IN these days of adroit smuggling the customs service will long mourn the loss of Timothy J. Donohue, who died a week or so ago after a short illness in his home in Brooklyn. "Little Tim," as he was familiarly known, was born in County Kerry, Ireland, sixty-five years ago, coming to this country when a lad of scarcely seventeen, starting work here as a marble cutter. When still nothing much but a midget in size young Donohue changed his vocation and went into politics. But politics was not so lucrative then as now, and soon, as we are told by the *Brooklyn Times*:

He got a job in the customs office as a clerk in the weighers' department. That was in 1869, and ten years later he was made a regular inspector by executive order. The order which made him a full-fledged inspector came after he had shown remarkable ability as a detective while working as a packer and opener and as a night inspector.

Donohue's position, which he practically made for himself, was to saunter about the pier to watch for smugglers when a liner was docking. Many a passenger, having passed the regular examination, who was counting on getting dutiable goods in free, suddenly found himself accosted by Donohue. It took the inspector but a moment to ascertain whether or not his suspicions were correct, and nine times out of ten he was on the right track. A lightning "frisking" usually gave evidence of the contraband article and a would-be smuggler was caught.

The new inspector's first work was to break up a long-established practise of tobacco smuggling. The revenue organization was essentially different in those days and Donohue found it necessary to watch the big ships from a small rowboat. It was the practise of the smugglers to throw cigars and other forms of the weed overboard, where accomplices in small boats would gather the rubber-covered packages. But Donohue, after many a weary vigil down the bay, broke up the unlawful trade. In his first work on the piers the detective was assisted by Thomas Brown, another inspector who made history for the service, but Brown fell to his death ten years ago.

In his experiences in getting after the tobacco smugglers Donohue had a number of narrow escapes from death. One, which was particularly dangerous and was an excellent example of the man's fearlessness, occurred in 1882. There was one ship plying between Cuba and New York which Donohue suspected. One day it arrived on a regular trip and the detective boarded her. The customs man knew every place on a ship where contraband stuff could be hidden, but, after a thorough search, he found nothing.

But Donohue was sure that there were 100,000 cigars on that vessel and he was determined to locate them. Finally he noticed that altho the firemen were free to go ashore, many of them were still on the ship, apparently enjoying his discomfiture. Then Donohue had an idea. He procured a lantern and a hammer and made his way to the boiler-room, tapping each boiler with

the hammer. One sounded differently from the rest and he ordered the circular cover, about the size of an ordinary man-hole, removed.

There was a moment's hesitation, but the order was fulfilled and Donohue went down in the big iron cavern. There heaped at one side he found the 100,000 cigars. But while he was below some one clapped down the iron cover and the inspector was trapped. He yelled and pounded, but all in vain. Then his lantern went out. The detective remained there for several hours until a watchman, hearing the hammering, released him.

A SET-TO WITH BRUIN

SAM LEBO, State Forest Ranger for the Black Forest District in Northern Pennsylvania, has probably outwitted more bears than any other man in the East. But this bear almost had his scalp, says the bear editor of the New York Sun, and Lebo was lucky enough to make off with his sorrel-top still intact. Lebo, we read, had caught the poor fellow in a trap, from which "disgrace" Bruin emerged one paw to the bad—but not until he had given the onrushing Lebo one "farewell, never-to-be-forgotten glance." Lebo mused:

"If that bear doesn't know me if he ever sees me again," said I, "it'll be a wonder, the way he took his parting look at me," and I hoped he would see me again some time, for I wanted to get the rest of him, that foot being no good to me without the hide it belonged on.

But I didn't see the bear again, and I had forgotten all about him until I came upon this three-legged track that day last spring. It didn't interest me much then, for the close season for bears was on and this bear was of course no good to me, but just out of curiosity I followed the track.

It led me to a ledge of seamy rock and went into one of the openings in the rocks. I stopped near the entrance of the opening, when out of it the bear poked his head. He saw me and instantly his eyes popped open. I could see by the bear's haggard look about his eyes that he had come out of his winter quarters about as hungry as a bear could be, and that's as hungry as anything can be, but I knew by his next move that it wasn't hunger that was moving him.

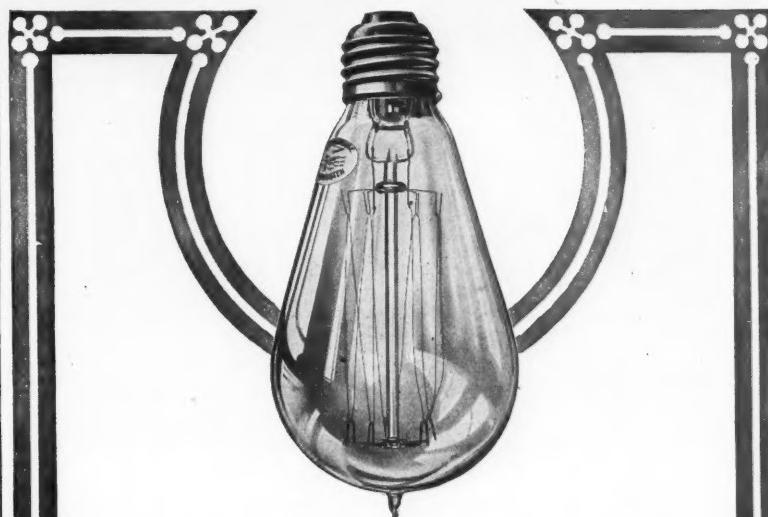
He came out of that hole with a rush, and he came for me on his hind feet, holding the stump of his right forefoot up so I could see it well.

"It's him!" said I. "He's seen me again and he knows me! And he's on the war-path for revenge!"

I had no weapon with me except the small ax I used in chopping out fire lines. I swung that and jumped to one side. The bear sent the ax flying with one sweep of his left forepaw. I grabbed a tree that stood handy, and shinned up into it like I never shinned before.

If the bear hadn't been short that one forepaw he'd have come right on up into that tree after me, but a bear needs all the feet he's got when he climbs a tree. So I settled on the lower branch of the tree about ten feet up and waited for that bear to go away.

But that bear had no intention of going



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away, for he lay down at the foot of the tree, turned his eyes up at me, and snapt his jaws and snarled and showed his teeth the ugliest kind at every move I made. I tried to scare him away by unearthly yellings and hootings, but those evidences that the situation was not agreeable to me seemed only to please the persistent bear, for he would stretch himself out at every yell and grunt like a contented pig.

An hour he kept his eyes on me as I made all sorts of ventures to get down and away, and stood ready to meet me warmly in case I went so far as to drop to the ground. Then I noticed that he became more quiet, and by and by I almost hugged myself to see that he was stretching out and giving way to sleepiness.

I watched him until his eyes closed and I thought I heard him snore. Then I cautiously crept to the tree trunk and let myself slowly down along it, as quietly as a shadow. The bear never moved. I was on the point of dropping to the ground and cutting sticks away from there, when that bear was up like a rocket and if he had had that right paw of his I guess he'd have had me all right.

How I got back into that tree out of reach of that left paw I don't know, but I did. The bear had been fooling me. He wasn't asleep at all, but he wanted to get at me so bad that he couldn't wait till I got all the way down out of the tree. He tried the same trick again, but I didn't bite.

It came on late in the afternoon and the weather was turning cold. The bear showed no more disposition to abandon the watch on me than he had when he first ran me up the tree. The prospects for a night of it as prisoner in a tree guarded by a vengeful bear seemed excellent, and it bothered me to be up and doing something. I was sure that if I could only get to the ground and have a little start of the bear I could outfoot him, crippled as he was. Then after a while I got an idea.

I took off my coat, a stout woods-proof one, and my canvas overtrousers. There were no leaves on the tree, so I broke off twigs until I had stuffed the legs of the trousers as full as if they had my own legs in 'em. Then I took pieces of limb long enough to pass through the sleeves and over the shoulders of my coat so that it had a good appearance of having a man's arms in it. I drew my belt around the top of the trousers and fastened them to the coat, with the result that I had a very passable effigy of a man.

The bear down at the foot of the tree watched me at this work until I had it all done, and I said to myself that I guessed it was all a waste of time and labor, for that bear was too smart to let himself be fooled by a dummy he had seen constructed right in plain sight, but I tried it just the same. The result was that I lost all regard for that bear, he fell for the trick so completely.

I worked myself over to one side of the tree and tossed the dummy square in the bear's face. Not pausing to see what he would do, I dropped out of the tree on the other side. I dashed away up a knoll that rose a little way beyond the tree.

I heard the bear snarling and growling and snapping his jaws savagely and couldn't resist looking back over my shoulder as I reached the brow of the knoll. Bear and dummy were in a furious mix-up at the foot of the tree. I didn't wait to see what would follow when the bear awoke to

October 7, 1911

THE LITERARY DIGEST

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the real state of affairs, but hurried on to camp.

I went back to the scene next day. My dummy lay scattered about in ragged bits. The bear had gone off into the laurels. I did not go after him to renew my acquaintance, but I hope to have the pleasure of doing it some time this fall, when the bear season is open and Bruin clear of the law.

ASTRIDE A SWIMMING MOOSE

A LONG with other things, Maine has just sent down a moose-story which, for imagination and skill, outranks any fish-story that ever appeared in the New York *Sun*. At any rate, the *Sun* editor says it beats any fish-story he ever read, which comes to the same thing. He says the story had its beginning in Little Ferguson Lake, and has since journeyed far and wide. Two hunters, it seems, the teller of the story and a fellow dubbed "Bill the Cow," had been waiting for weeks for a good "sunny shoot." But for many days it had done little else than rain. They were almost desperate and had shipped their guns and ammunition south, when one evening the wind veered sharply to the northwest, "and the yellow light, streaming from above that gentle fringe of hills, touched the pines to scarlet and the waters at their feet to gold." The effect, we read, was like magic, and,

As soon as Bill the Cow saw what was coming he sneaked out of the tent, turned the water out of the cooking-pots, dug some dry wood out of the heart of a pitch-pine, and got the fire to going. Bill the Cow knew where to turn for dry wood. Trust him for that.

I asked him what he was doing all of that for, and he told me that I ought to know. I did, but I wanted him to tell me. You see, we hadn't seen a moose for a year. No, sir, we hadn't seen anything bigger or fiercer than a cab-horse, and we felt that it was about time we rested our eyes on something else.

So when Bill the Cow had got that mush of his cooked and we had eaten it we turned the canoe right side up and pushed off. It was as pretty an evening as you ever saw. The wind dropped away at sunset, and as we poked off up the lake there wasn't a thing to disturb the quiet but the ripples leading from the bow of the canoe.

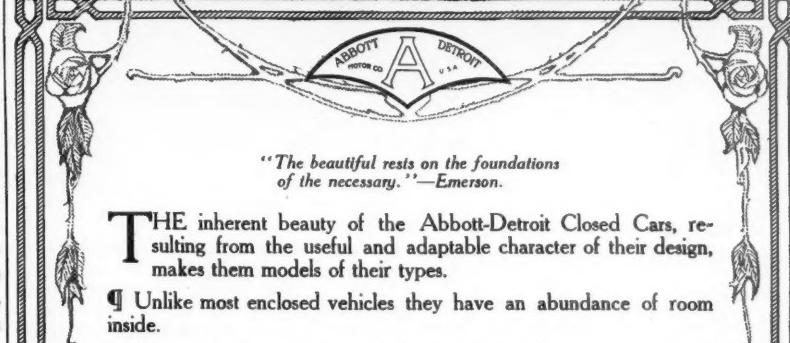
Bill the Cow was in the stern. By the time we came to the opening and were about to push out into the pool with the grassy shores we thought we'd better slow up and go quietly. So I let Bill the Cow take her alone, and he pushed the canoe on silently without taking his paddle from the water. That saves the drip, drip, you know, and you can move without making even so much as the sound of a whirling eddy.

It was just around the turn at the point where the lake broadens out that we saw the first one. The light from the sunset was still so good that we saw him almost as soon as we heard him.

He stood among the rushes on a little point of broken stones that jutted out into



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the pool a hundred yards from where we came in and his head was down close to the water. We judged he was eating pond lilies. You find the bulbous roots floating along lake shores all through the moose-country, as you will see.

We crept up fifty yards on him before he spotted us. Then he raised his big head and looked at us as tho he weren't sure what we were. We kept still except for the gentle motion of Bill the Cow's paddle and the canoe must have looked as tho it were drifting slowly toward him with no impulse at all.

In a minute came that queer choking cough that a moose makes when he can't quite understand what is happening. When you hear it first you think it's only too many lily-pads and they've caught in his throat; but that cough is merely an exclamation of curiosity and as readily understood as if he said, "Well, by George! What is that now?"

He watched us until we were within twenty-five yards, then slowly he turned toward the shore, walking like an old family horse in a brook. He paused for an instant when he was out of the water to take another look at us. Then off he went into the bush, but he couldn't have gone more than fifty yards. I think he must have come back later for more lily-pads. He was about as unconcerned a moose as I ever saw.

We pushed on silently into the little bay that bends off toward the south. The water is knee-deep to a moose for some distance from shore, and the lily-pads are so numerous as to make rich pastureage. The woods come down close to the water except for a few yards of muskeg, and that night by the time we had done with that placid moose on the point we could hardly distinguish the trees. Indeed by the time we heard the next moose wading it was so dark that the shore-line was merely a blue-black band against the southern sky.

We heard him tugging and snuffing at the lily-pads. We had a great wish to flash a pocket electric lamp on him, but we didn't have one, and it's dangerous business to flash lamps on moose anyhow. They aren't like deer. They're apt to charge a light when it's flashed on them suddenly.

We crept up on him, but by the time we got within what I judge to have been about a hundred yards we heard him stop pulling at the pads. We knew by that that he must have sensed us. He started walking slowly toward the shore, and as he drew himself out of the water he broke into a trot, and then into a headlong run.

We knew that he must be moving with that furious disregard for obstacles that fright seems to start going in a moose's legs. We heard him crash off through the brush, the sound dying away as he got inland. We must have gone a couple of hundred yards, paddling silently, before we thought we'd heard the last of him. This was a great resonant crack, like the breaking of a three inch wind-felled spruce. We figured that the poor fellow must have gone head on into it and was now nursing a pair of wrenched antlers.

But not at all! And they soon regretted the loss of their guns, for in another hour, munching as unconcernedly as before, they were startled to see that same spooky beast

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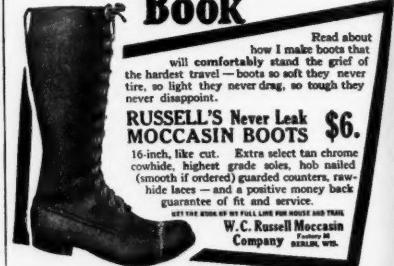


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returned to his original tryst. To resume the quotation:

It was there that we found him. It was so dark by this time that we couldn't make out a blessed thing between us and the shore. The sky was still a little yellow in the west and overhead was that luminous cobalt that follows yellow sunsets, with the stars shining at arm's length.

Of course there was no way of telling where he was except for the sound. Bill the Cow let the canoe creep on silently. I could not hear his paddle myself, and as I looked into the water the stars were so clear that I couldn't tell whether I was looking up or down.

We pushed on for what must have been about a hundred feet. The moose went on tugging at the lily-pads, quite unaware, so it seemed, of our approach. We went on for five or six strokes more. By that time the moose was near, but just how near we could not tell except for the sound. We could not have been far away when he first showed that he had heard us.

Of a sudden there was a commotion in the water, and a sound as if he were trying to get his big hoofs free from the ooze. It was clear that he was caught in the mud, for thrash as he would there was nothing to show that he was making any progress toward the shore.

"I say, Barney," said Bill the Cow, "dig in. We can catch him."

I usually mind pretty well and anyhow that is the business usually of a man in the bow. He has to mind, or else he'll get swung around against his will. So I stuck in my paddle and gave a stroke or two. But those were enough.

Mind you, I couldn't see anything between me and the shore. I might have been face to face with my best friend and I wouldn't have known him. So I couldn't tell how near I was to that moose—not until I saw him upside down in the water, and not ten feet off our starboard bow.

There he was, antlers and all, reflected on the smooth surface of the lake against the yellow light that still rimmed the western hills. Looking straight at him I could see nothing. But there in the water was his reflection as clear as a photograph.

At first I couldn't understand what it was. It made be dizzy. I couldn't quite tell who was upside down, the moose or we. When I got my bearings down went my paddle and I did my best to push the canoe back. Bill the Cow, of course, was farther away, and tho he saw the reflection in the water it didn't seem so terrifying. So he kept on paddling ahead.

The result was that the canoe swung around toward the moose before I could put a quietus on Bill the Cow. Or else possibly the moose, freeing himself a little and making toward shore, bumped into the canoe. We were between him and dry land and it must have been hard on his nerves.

He didn't plunge badly as he struck us. I imagine he couldn't, for his feet were still mired and he wasn't able to get ahead very fast.

But the jolt that he gave us was enough to set us rocking. It doesn't take much, you know, to set a canoe off her center. Still we didn't go over that time. That was a mercy. If we had there's no telling what would have become of us.

On the recover we slid so far to the right that a couple of gallons of water spilled

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over the gunwale. I was sitting athwart and not in a very secure position. The swing of the canoe threw me farther than I was able to withstand and my right arm went out instinctively after something to take hold of.

I got it—a wad of hair on that moose's back. What happened after that I have only the dimmest recollection of. How it was that I got out of the canoe without upsetting it and what made me climb astride that moose I can't tell. I suppose it was the instinct that makes a man try to keep out of deep water as long as he can.

Bill the Cow, as soon as he realized that I was out of the canoe—he could feel the canoe lighter—set up a devilish howl. He was between the moose and shore and the poor beast, hip-deep in the water already, had no choice but to take to the middle of the lake. He must have found the mud loosening as he got into deeper water, for he was swimming a minute or two after I got on his back.

I could tell that he was off bottom, for he couldn't jump. He tried it once when he first felt my weight, but the sidestep of that leap was probably what took him beyond his depth.

Now, by George, believe me or not, but that was one of the funniest trips I ever made up to date. As soon as I realized that the poor moose was frightened a lot worse than I was, I began to see the humor of it. I slapped him with the flat of my hand, like a farm-boy riding bareback. He would puff and choke at the waves he made and I felt the rise and fall of his hot body answering to the stress of his strokes.

Bill the Cow I verily believe was frightened a lot worse than the moose was. He kept on yelling, at what I can't tell, for he didn't say anything. But I am sure he frightened that moose almost as badly as I did myself. Presently Bill the Cow came to and started to paddle in the wake of me and my moose. He caught us in a few strokes, of course, and drew up alongside.

By that time we were pretty near the middle of that little arm of the lake near the inlet. It was dark, except for the outlines of things, and some of these were only distinct as one saw them against that western light reflected in the water. Bill the Cow luckily had the canoe on the light side and I could make out its slender width as it drew up to me.

He said he'd keep her steady, and somehow I slid up to my knees on the wet sides of the moose. I still held to that convenient patch of hair. Then very delicately (and the moose couldn't plunge much there in the deep water) I slid one leg into the canoe, then a hand, then, binding the two together with my legs and hands, I managed to transfer my weight gently into the canoe. I don't believe we took in a drop of water except what I brought with me on my clothes.

Now that poor moose was in a dreadful state by this time and we were quite ready to let him go as he would. He made for that northern shore, and smashing up the bank he made off through the brush at a rate which must have been terrific, judging from the crashes in the dead trees. We listened to him going off farther and farther into the distance.

This time the moose failed to come back, and the two men made off for camp, content, we read, to follow after their guns and ammunition.

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THE PROFITS IN CLEAN VAUDEVILLE

In every civilized city in the world, says a dramatic writer, there is either a Keith theater, or one modeled on the Keith plan. That one man should have brought about this result is interesting enough, but that it should have been accomplished by the elimination of the vulgarities that some managers seem to think the people demand—that, says Mr. Colgate Baker in the *New York Review*, "is not only interesting but instructive. It guides other managers on the future road they must go." Just how Mr. Keith came to see the "parting of the ways," he tells himself, as follows:

I was raised on a farm in New Hampshire where the people never went to any kind of theatrical entertainment because they were respectable people and were offended at the coarseness of variety shows and had no opportunity to see the better class of drama. They did go to the circus once a year or so, but they had no chance to patronize any other kind of theatrical amusement, and this fact made a great impression on me. I was fond of the theater myself and knew that a nice, clean theatrical performance would certainly be liberally patronized by people generally, if they had the opportunity.

Afterward, when I left the farm I was working in Western Massachusetts and traveled about the country with a circus, I found that the same conditions existed everywhere throughout the United States. There were no theatrical performances except those of high-class drama, to which women and children could go. Theatrical managers seemed to have quite ignored the wants of the average American family for theatrical amusement.

Of course to-day it seems to be remarkable that such a condition of affairs could have existed, but those were the facts. The circus that came around once a year was practically the only family entertainment in America and it was not enough. The more I studied the people the more convinced I became that there was a great opportunity for a manager who could give the public a nice, refined, pleasing theatrical entertainment, which would appeal to all classes of people equally, but the great problem was how could such a show be given.

I had no capital, only unbounded confidence in my theory that people wanted to be entertained respectfully; however, I determined to make a start in some manner. After much hardship and privation in trying to get fairly started, I opened a little museum January 8, 1883, in a room thirty-five feet long and fifteen feet high, in a building on the site of the Adams House, on Washington Street, Boston. My only attraction was Baby Alice, a midget who weighed one and a half pounds, but I installed a small stage in the rear of the room and secured several acts from the variety theaters, with the understanding that all vulgar or suggestive language and business was to be cut out of every act.

It proved, just as I expected, that clean, wholesome entertainment would be very popular. I could not accommodate the vast number of patrons that came to me and the little museum had to be enlarged, until it finally seated 500 people. Three



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years later I conceived the idea of giving a continuous performance, such as we give to-day, and this was an instantaneous success also. My business increased so rapidly that I had to lease the Bijou Theater, next door to my museum, and vaudeville in its present form was first permanently established in that playhouse.

But these things were not accomplished without the hardest kind of work and considerable privation. We all took off our coats and buckled down to business in those days. I often posted my own bills to save expenses, sometimes I sold tickets, in fact, there was no detail of work in connection with the theater that I was not obliged to perform, at times. But I was sure of winning out in the end and I can look back on it all complacently now.

Artists in those days received small salaries, because we could not afford to pay them very much, yet they did their work cheerfully, as many as ten turns a day sometimes. Among the artists who played for me in those early days of struggle were Weber and Fields, McIntyre and Heath, the Rogers Brothers, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Cohen, and Sam Bernard. Twenty-five dollars for a single and sixty dollars for a double turn were considered big salaries then.

Asked if he did not encounter stern opposition in purifying the old-time variety cast, Mr. Keith replied that he did. And we read:

Many persons made fun of me. One actor brought suit against me and the lawyer, in summing up the case, said:

"I expect some day to see a museum in the clouds with 'B. F. Keith, proprietor,' and written in letters above the door, 'None but Angels Admitted.'"

I made it a rule at the beginning, when I first opened my Washington Street museum, that I must know exactly what every performer on my stage would say or do. If there was one coarse, vulgar, or suggestive line or piece of stage business in the act, I cut it out. And this rule is followed in every Keith theater in the United States to-day and just as rigidly adhered to now as it was originally.

The overwhelming majority of American people are clean people, says Mr. Keith, and what is more:

A theater ought to be just as clean materially as morally. The health and comfort of patrons demand that a manager keep his theater scrupulously clean. One speck of dirt on a seat is almost as bad as a dirty line spoken over the footlights.

Vaudeville managers must never forget that our success has been won by pleasing all classes of people. We make no distinctions among our patrons. The millionaire, the professional man, the workingman and their families have been our regular patrons and will be found in all our audiences. They are all treated alike, with the same courtesy and consideration, and I do not think that a manager can be too careful about the courtesy that is extended to the public, at the box-office and within the theater itself.

By way of conclusion Mr. Keith compares the prices paid vaudeville artists now and in the "good old days." "Yes," he says:



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casting fearful glances at the door, and showed no sign whatever of wildness.

As the doctor had no other weapon than his knife and a frozen fishing-line, he was in a quandary. But the wolf seemed lonely and showed a strong desire to make himself at home, so they naturally decided to let it go at that, and spent the night quite charmingly together. The next morning—to hear what the doctor says:

I awoke to find the sun up, the day bright and clear, and the land four or five miles west of us. All around floated cakes of ice, going the same way as ourselves in the grip of some current. My fears passed away with the bright sunlight, and I used up my last wood in cooking some fish for the wolf, while I finished the basket of provisions.

So the wolf and I went out in the sunshine; and now the animal grew surly and no longer welcomed my approaches. I believe that so long as the danger lasted he was cowed, but that with the approach of day, and when rescue was at hand for me, all his savage nature returned upon him with redoubled force. However that may be, two hours later I saw a dot moving among the ice, and as it neared saw that it was a fish-boat, doubtless with a rescue party on board. And now came the most surprising part of my adventure.

The boat was about half a mile distant, and the occupants, having seen me and waved to me, started to make their way through the floating ice. I saw the wolf watching them with bristling hair, and suddenly he turned to me with a low growl. I offered him a bit of fish, but he took no notice, and I began to fear that he realized that my rescue would not include him. At any rate, he drew back a few steps, his eyes fixed on mine; then, with a quick movement, he sprang at me.

I had no weapon, except a short knife which was closed. All I could do was to jump aside, hitting him with my fist as he missed me—an old boxing-trick. But I had not counted on that savage sideslash of the great teeth, and when the animal gained his feet and turned to fly at me again my hand was streaming with blood from a small gash. I heard shouts from the approaching fish-boat, but as the party was unarmed they could not help me.

Immediately upon getting his balance on the snow the wolf came toward me slowly and sprang again. This time I was really frightened, and, with a wild idea of holding him away till my friends could assist me, I met him half-way, grasped his throat in both hands, and we both fell to the snow together, for the impact of his leap was tremendous. I hung on to his throat, but, altho I kept the gleaming teeth off, I could not hold his feet. He struck at me savagely with his hind paws, the sharp claws tearing through my coat like knives, and I realized my danger just in time to cast myself backward. Instantly the wolf returned to the attack, and this time the look in his face frightened me so that I did not wait for him. I whipt my coat away and threw it in his face; then turned and, running to the side of the ice-cake, leapt into the water.

I am a good swimmer, and the boat was only a hundred feet distant, so in no time

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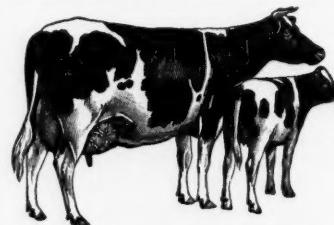
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RECIPE—Put one beaten egg to one cup Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and three cups water; add a little salt, one teaspoon of yeast, with flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. Sett overnight. Have the griddle on the range all night to insure that it is properly heated by morning, and bake quickly on top of range in muffin rings four inches across. Tear the top open to butter; do not cut them.

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"Leaders of Quality"
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I was aboard and getting into warm clothes. The engine was stopped, and we lay there watching the wolf. He seemed puzzled at my disappearance, running backward and forward on the ice; then he looked at the boat and howled dismally. None of the men liked to attack him with knives or their only weapons, and so presently the boat was turned about and we threaded our way out from the ice to the free water. Behind us the lonely wolf sat watching us disappear, and slowly, hopelessly, floated onward to his doom.

A SCHOLARLY PIRATE

WILLIAM DAMPIER, the great English scholar, voyager, and buccaneer, was born on a farm in Somersetshire, England, in the year 1652. It has been said that no other traveler can be named who has given the world a more useful stock of information, or to whom the merchant and riner are more in debt. Indeed, the rise of his journeys took him twice round the world, and at a time when the ash knights of war were busying themselves about vain trifles, seeking for the mint of Youth, or endeavoring to turn metals into gold, Dampier was doing important things. His books of travel are an immediate success, and the knowledge extracted from them was worth double gold and silver hoarded along Spain's forbidden Land." But with all these odd traits of mind, writes John R. Spears in *The Outing Magazine*, Dampier was only a pirate prince at heart. He began his career of crime at an early age and pursued it religiously to the end. Off the southern coast of Mexico we find him first, stranded with a crew of idlers. They were forced, we read, to take refuge on a lonely forest Isle:

Finally a hurricane brought a tidal wave into the forest and floated the whole band with whom Dampier was associated from their camp and destroyed all their provisions. But having saved their canoes and their arms, they were neither distressed nor downhearted.

Leaving the flooded site of their camp, they paddled away along the coast, stopping at every small settlement for such plunder as they could find, and at the end of a year reached Alvarado. This town was large enough to afford perhaps two hundred fighting men, and the buccaneers numbered only sixty, but an attack was made and the town carried after a loss of ten men.

Altho the people escaped with their gold and silver, the buccaneers obtained two very good coasters with an abundance of provisions, and then sailed from the river in hopes of improving their fortune rapidly. But as they reached open water they saw seven Spanish warships coming down wind to exterminate them. The flagship carried one hundred men and ten cannon, while the smaller vessels carried crews of from sixty to eighty—there were five hundred Spaniards all told in pursuit of fifty buccaneers in two unarmed coasters. But the buccaneers by superior seamanship dodged to

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and so until the Spanish ships were separated and then united in an attack upon the flagship which drove it away to leeward and allowed them to leave the coast unharmed.

Dampier literally fought his way back to England, but was no sooner there than he embarked for Mexico once more, there to find himself, we read, engaged in the greatest naval battle of pirate times. From a mailboat bound from Luma to Panama the buccaneers learned that the triennial plate fleet from Callao was about to sail for Panama. This was good news indeed, and the pirates stood, in their boats, the *Cygnal* and the *Bachelor's Delight*, eager, if not hungry, for the fray.

It was while in this state of mind, at about eleven o'clock on the morning of May 28, 1685, that the buccaneers first saw the great fleet for which they were waiting. A heavy rain-squall had passed over the bay and as it thinned away the Spaniards came reaching along in its wake. Their flagship was armed with forty-eight guns and five other ships carried forty, thirty-six, twenty-four, eighteen, and eight guns respectively. The six were manned by one thousand nine hundred and sixty men all told, and the unarmed ships of the fleet carried eight hundred more. In men the buccaneers were outnumbered nearly three to one; in guns by one hundred and seventy-four to fifty-four. To make the disparity still greater, Captain Groignet with three hundred and eight men in a merchantman fled as soon as the Spaniards appeared.

Because the buccaneers happened to have the advantage of the wind, the Spanish Admiral, we are told, maneuvered skilfully till sunset and then managed to get to windward by a stealthy turn. Moreover:

As night came on he hung out a light to which his ships might rally, but when darkness had fully covered the sea he transferred the light to a merchantman, which he allowed to drift with the tide. The buccaneers drifted with the ebb during the night, but gave the matter no thought because they could see what they supposed was the Spanish rallying-light in the same relative position all night. When morning came they found themselves far alee.

Of course the buccaneers tried to work to windward; many of them had thrown their hats into the sea for very joy at sight of the Spaniards. The *Bachelor's Delight* and the *Cygnal* closed in to cannon range. Every sail on every buccaneer ship was stretched till the bolt-ropes creaked. The unarmed bark which young Peter Harris commanded was driven toward the Spaniards until she had received one hundred and twenty cannon-shot in her hull and did not then draw out of range until the water was five feet deep in her hold. The other buccaneers were almost all equally desperate in their valor, but the Spaniards, by holding the wind and by a skilful concentration of gunfire, gradually drove them clear around Panama Bay. Then, instead of finishing off the job man-fashion, the Spaniards sailed away to the anchorage at Panama and left the buccaneers to ravage the coast in search of plunder.

After the failure at Leon the British ships separated. The *Bachelor's Delight*, with Historian Wafer on board, returned to the

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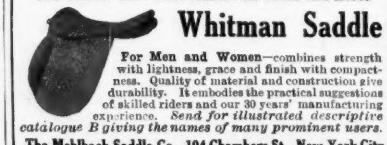
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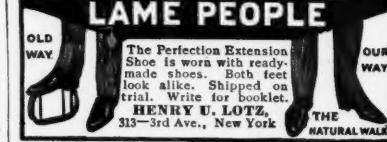
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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents

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South American coast where much plunder was obtained. The *Cygnal* went to the Mexican coast, and with her went Dampier "to get some knowledge of the northern parts of this continent."

From the buccaneer point of view this Mexican venture proved disastrous. No plunder was secured and on landing in Jalisea for provisions the men, while wandering around in their usual heedless fashion, allowed an overwhelming body of Spaniards to surprise them.

Somewhat or other Dampier managed to fight his way back to England again, but the next few years proved the most uneventful in this extraordinary man's life. However, we read:

In 1699 Dampier went on an exploring expedition to New Holland, during which he lost his ship. In April, 1703, he sailed for the Pacific in two lawfully commissioned privateers. It was the captain of Dampier's consort (Captain Stradling) who marooned Alexander Selkirk on Juan Fernandez, the story of whose adventures afterward inspired DeFoe to write the immortal "Robinson Crusoe."

As a privateering venture this final cruise was an utter loss and failure. And so, despite a well-filled diary, Dampier was forced, we read, to spend his last days in poverty and seclusion. But poverty would be to-day a light sentence for such a career as was that of William Dampier. On the other hand his fame would be even greater.

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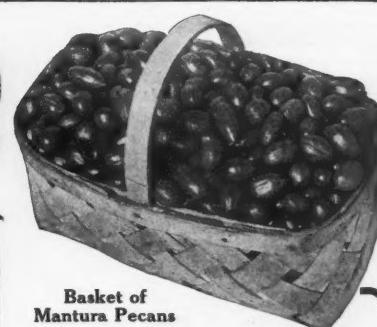
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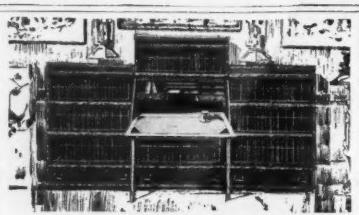
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VETERAN'S LITTLE GIRL—"Yes."

LITTLE GIRL—"Where's his other one?"

VETERAN'S LITTLE GIRL—"Hush, dear. It's in heaven."—*Home Herald*.

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"Did your hat blow off?"
"It wasn't my hat, it belonged to somebody else, and it had a pretty girl under it."
"Did you catch it?"
"Yes. My wife saw me chasing it."—*Houston Post*.

READY FOR WORK.—"Now," said the warden to the forger, who had just arrived at the prison, "we'll set you to work. What can you do best?"

"Well, if you'll give me a week's practise on your signature, I'll sign your official papers for you."—*Tit-Bits*.

HIS PROSPECT.—HER PROSPECTIVE—"There are no grounds on which your father could throw me out."

HIS PROSPECTIVE—"No, not in the front of the house, but there's a bed of gladiolas in the back yard which looks quite soft."—*Brooklyn Life*.

HOMELIKE.—A man entered an eating-house and ordered a steak and fried potatoes.

"Yes, sir; steak and potatoes, sir," said the waiter. "And will you have chops and peas along with it?"

"No, thank you."

"Roast beef, then, perhaps, sir? The roast beef's very fine to-day."

"No, just steak and potatoes."

"How about a nice lobster or a brace of crabs, sir, with the steak?"

"No!"

"Shad-roe and succotash, perhaps, sir?"

"No, I tell you!"

"A nice mess of fried catfish and waf—"

But at this point the proprietor summoned the waiter to him.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel," he said, "by tormenting that patron in such an outrageous manner?"

"O, I wasn't tormenting him, sir," said the waiter. "I was just trying to make him feel at home. He's a barber."—*Epworth Herald*.

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A Swift Exit.—Money makes the mare go, but with the auto it is just the other way.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

Couldn't Fool Her.—FIRST SOCIETY LADY—"That pretty baby we've just passed is mine."

SECOND SOCIETY LADY—"How ever did you know?"

FIRST SOCIETY LADY—"I recognized the nurse."—*Til-Bits*.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

October 8.—Brigadier-General Anderson retires from the command of the troops in Kentucky on account of ill-health, and is succeeded by Brigadier-General Sherman.

October 9.—A slight engagement takes place on Santa Rosa Island, four miles from Fort Pickens.

Charges and specifications against General Fremont are published.

October 11.—Confederate forces make an unsuccessful attempt to seize the steamboats *Horizon* and *Izetta* on the Kanawha River.

October 12.—A convention of citizens of North Carolina, loyal to the Union, is held in Hyde County, N. C.

The steamer *Theodora* runs the blockade at Charleston with Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board.

The United States fleet at anchor near Southwest Pass are attacked by a Confederate fleet of six gunboats, a ram, and many fireships. Four of the Union ships are driven ashore and the *Richmond* is damaged by the ram, but are afterwards floated and repaired.

October 13.—A skirmish occurs near Lebanon, Mo., and another near Bird's Point, Mo.

October 14.—An important correspondence is made public between the British Minister and Secretary Seward, relating to the rights of British subjects during hostilities.

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

September 22.—The *Jean Bart*, a French battleship of the super-dreadnought class, is launched at Brest.

September 23.—Sir Wilfred Laurier announces that he will lead the Liberal opposition during the next Parliamentary session.

September 24.—Reports from Port Said state that an Italian steamship has been captured by the Turks at Mersina.

September 25.—Three hundred officers and men are killed in an explosion of the magazines of the French battleship *Liberte* in Toulon harbor.

September 26.—Thirteen Italian war-ships are sighted at Malta steaming in the direction of Tripoli.

September 27.—Four are killed and several injured in an anti-Madero demonstration at Guadalajara, Mexico.

September 28.—Italy delivers an ultimatum to Turkey.

Domestic

September 22.—Because of rumors of dissolution, shares of the Steel Company decline several points in a day of great activity on the New York Stock Exchange.

September 23.—President Taft at St. Louis replies to attacks on the Tariff Board.

The Argentine battleship *Moreno* is launched at Camden, N. J.

September 24.—Thirty persons are killed in a railway accident at Neenah, Wisconsin.

September 25.—President Taft addresses the Conservation Congress at Kansas City, Mo.

September 26.—Attorney-General Wickersham officially declares that the Government plans no indiscriminate attack upon corporations in its efforts to enforce the Sherman Anti-trust Law.

September 28.—President Taft, speaking at Waterloo, Iowa, makes a plea for the fair treatment of business corporations, but states that these must keep within the law.

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Extravagant.—My friend, the architect, has a hard job on his hands."

"What's that?"

"He has a rich customer who wants him to build an Italian vendetta around her new cottage."—*Baltimore American*.

More Practical.—The Prodigal had returned. "Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

"No," responded the Old Man, looking the youth over carefully. "No, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of that fat off you."—*Toledo Blade*.

Classified Columns

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"While I withdraw the unfortunate word, yet, Mr. Speaker, I must admit that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," answered Johnson, and that was parliamentary enough to stay on the record.—*Mack's Monthly*.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

"L. W. L." Davenport, Ia.—"Kindly give the correct pronunciation of the word 'cafeteria,' which is now in common use in some of the western coast States. It can not be found in any English, French, or Italian dictionary."

Notwithstanding the frequent use of this term in certain sections of the country, it should be ostracized from the select company of the foreign words that are permitted within the borders of good English. It has no real excuse for being, and the English language should not stand sponsor for this "Italianization" of the French word *café*. In this same category may be placed the phrase "Grosseria Italiana," otherwise, an "Italian Grocery Store," and such Greek words as "estiphorion" and "xenodochion." If *cafeteria* is pronounced at all, it should follow by analogy such words as *osteria*, *cavaleria*, and others, with the accent on the syllable *ri*, and the sound of *i* as in *machine*.

"D. M. R." Indian Mills, W. Va.—"Which preposition should be used with the verb 'received'—of or from?"

"Received of" and "received from" are both correct. The former phrase may be noted in the following extracts from Shakespeare: "Received a thousand ducats of Don John,"—*Much Ado About Nothing*. "What ring gave you, my lord? Not that I hope, which you received of me,"—*Merchant of Venice*.

"X. Y. Z." Boston, Mass.—"Is the use of the word 'wonderment' permissible, as in the sentence 'It was a matter of much wonderment to me'?"

The STANDARD DICTIONARY (p. 2076, col. 1) records this word, and it may be used in the sentence cited, altho "surprise" and "astonishment" are the more usual terms.

"J. G." Anderson, S. C.—"Kindly state whether a verb should have the singular or the plural form when used in connection with the word 'neither'; as, 'Neither of you has (or have) all the facts.'"

Either and *neither*, when used as pronouns, are always singular, and require a verb in the singular number. Therefore "has" is necessary in the sentence submitted.

"E. C. D." Darlington, Mo.—"What rule governs the use of capitals in the sentence, 'The Secretary of State, John J. Smith, advised us to proceed with the work'?"

Capitals are used in the phrase "Secretary of State" according to the rule, "Begin with capitals all proper nouns, and titles of office, honor, and respect."

"F. M. W." Macksburg, O.—"Is a singular verb properly used in the following construction: 'The stealthy footsteps of animals approaching could be heard. It was surely wolves'?"

This construction is in accordance with the rules of grammar, as may be noted from the rule contained in Fernald's "Working Grammar of the English Language": "It as an introductory subject may represent a noun or pronoun of any gender or person, or of either number; as, *It was government bonds* that I purchased."

Unbound Pages.—PAGE—"Please, sir, I want to give notice to leave."

OLD GENT—"Tut, tut! What's the matter with you boys? That will make four of you I've had in two months."

PAGE—"Well, sir, when you have pages you must expect leaves."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Couldn't See the Point.—GRITTY PIKES—"It's a heartless world, pard. Think what a woman done when I asked her to give me something to keep body and soul together!"

MUDGY LANES—"Can't imagine."

GRITTY PIKES—"She gimme a safety-pin!"—*Chicago News*.

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